

APR 3 1940

The Leatherneck



School or Jobs after the War?

DISCUSSED BY

Clarence
DYKSTRA

Charles
KETTERING

Donald
DOUGLAS

Ernest
LINDLEY

David
SARNOFF

Sidney
HILLMAN

APRIL
25c



It's thanks a Million—
WHEN THEY GET CHESTERFIELDS

On fighting fronts the world around and from smokers all over America you hear... *Chesterfields are Milder, they sure Taste Better.* Yes, join the big swing to Chesterfield and make the most of your Smoking Pleasure.

It's Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos that makes the difference.

They Satisfy NOT A SLOGAN
—BUT A FACT



CHESTERFIELD

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ON THE COVER

One of the things that we are fighting for is freedom of worship and appropriately enough, Leatherneck staff artist, Sergeant James P. (Pat) Denman suggested a Marine in the South Pacific kneeling before an altar on Easter morn for this month's cover. Pat's cover is a tempera and oil painting done from photographs taken in combat areas.

THE LEATHERNECK, APRIL, 1944

Volume XXVII, Number 5

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Over the Editor's Shoulder



CASUALTIES

A NUMBER of our readers have written in to ask why the usual list of Marine Corps casualties did not appear in our March issue. The reason we failed to publish the list is that it was composed mainly of the names of men who had participated in the action at Tarawa.

We wanted to publish the Tarawa roll of honor completely and accurately. The administrative job of compiling the Tarawa casualty list separately from the total casualty list was such that it was still incomplete up to the date that we went to press.

We are now able to publish the Tarawa casualty list, and it appears on Pages 38 and 39 of this issue as a memorial to those who died in that heroic action. Next month we will resume the regular publication of casualties, picking up where we left off in the February issue to list those Marines who have become casualties in actions other than at Tarawa.

USE V-MAIL

We have been asked to remind our readers at home to use V-Mail when writing to Marines in the South Pacific and other combat zones. There are a lot of Marines overseas and they are getting plenty of mail, which is all to the good.

A large part of this mail, however, is going in regular letter form rather than the faster and more compact V-Mail form. This adds greatly to the burden of overseas transportation at a time when every ounce of cargo space is at a premium.

This doesn't mean don't write. Quite the contrary—you are urged to write as often as possible. What the Navy suggests is that you get the V-Mail habit of sending three out of every five letters in the capsule form, bundling up the details of the home town doings in the other two longer letters.

WAR BOND OFFICE

A war bond allotment promotion office has been set up at Headquarters by authority of the Commandant to coordinate the growing program being carried on at all stations. Captain Thomas R. C. McDevitt is war bond promotion officer.

Emphasis in the vigorous campaign to sign up Marines for regular purchases through pay allotments is to be on the postwar benefits to the men themselves. Buying bonds cannot be put on a basis of patriotism with servicemen, Capt. McDevitt believes. Instead, the war bond office will stress the value of having cash assets when the war is over, to get started in business or to pay expenses until a job is located.

The bond allotment program has the Commandant's wholehearted support. "I assure you that it is a source of personal satisfaction that the Marines are carrying this war to the enemy in a way that hurts, not only in physical combat but in their support of the war bond program," Lieutenant General Vandegrift said in his message to be used in the drive.

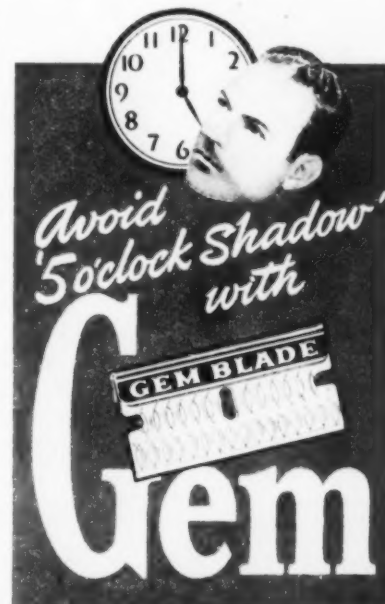


"Henry! You're a different man without your '5 o'clock Shadow'. And isn't it a marvelous view?"

"Uh-huh."

Speaking of views, her view of you will be greatly improved if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow".

Keep your face at its best all day long by shaving with genuine Gem Singledge Blades. Made to fit your Gem Razor precisely, Gem's super-keen edges give more shaves per blade!





Sound Off

GRATEFUL GRABLE

Sirs:
Thank you for your grand article, "What Makes a Pin-Up Girl," in the December issue. There is only one answer to that question: all the swell fellows in the service.

How I happened to be chosen No. 1 Pin-Up Girl still amazes me for, as you say, the competition was pretty tough. That is why I truly appreciate the position I have been fortunate enough to attain. I would like all the boys to know that if a genuine feeling of appreciation and a sincere friendship for each boy in the service means anything, towards keeping my enviable position, I may still be the No. 1 Pin-Up Girl at the end of 1944.

Betty Grable.

20th Century-Fox,
Hollywood, Calif.

"CADETS"

Sirs:
During the taking of Tarawa I fought side by side with many so-called "cadets" and I can tell you they fought like real Devil Dogs. Many of them are still there and will be there forever. Let there be no more beating of gums about the "cadets".

Pvt. Eugene Zawyski.
Somewhere in South Pacific.



GRAD

Sirs:
Here's one for the books. Sgt. Christian (Smokey) Cannathan, pioneer instructor of the Engineer Equipment school at Camp LeJeune, finally was graduated from his own school. He received his diploma along with his graduating students of the 14th engineering class. On receiving his diploma Smokey scratched his head and remarked: "Now I've seen everything."

Pvt. J. M. Stunmon.
New River, N. C.

DADS

Sirs:
We think we've got something new; a Fathers of Marines club. We're just as proud of our Marine sons as their mothers are. We are all red hot to see that Arlington, Mass., Marines get a royal and well-earned reception upon their return to civilian life. We expect to take over just as soon as the Marines subdue Tojo in their own fancy way.

Alfred E. Gorell, Sec.
Fathers of Marines Club,
Arlington, Mass.

• If fathers will aid ex-Marines with post-war problems, help them find jobs, finance education, homes, business, they will be doing a worth-while task which Fathers of Marines elsewhere might well copy. Such post war activity undoubtedly requires present day planning.—Eds.

MACHINE GUNS

Sirs:
Heartfelt gratitude for "Machine Guns in the Solomons" in the November, 1943, issue which we have just seen. We agree with the author, Capt. Ralph P. Kennedy, Jr., on the use of .50 caliber machine guns in the jungles. Our section had only 15 men, counting two squad leaders. In addition to our two .50 calibers we acquired two light .30 calibers. You can imagine how hard we worked carrying ammunition for the four guns. We participated in the initial landing in Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville.

Pvt. E. E. Young.
PFC A. D. Dorcey.
Somewhere in Pacific.

BOOT

Sirs:
"Question Box" for December gives one version of the origin of the word "boot" as dating from the establishment of the Recruit Depot at Parris Island. I know it antedates that because Parris Island was not established, if I remember correctly, until November 1915, whereas I heard the terms "boot" and "boot camp" used in 1914 at M. B. Norfolk, Va., and the Navy recruit camp at Berkeley. The men in both places always wore leggings which they referred to as "boots".

Lee Robinson.
Webster, Mass.

(turn page)



"Your Date's Fine—But Mine Must Have Got Caught In A Hair Raid"

SWANNY (ACE SALESMAN)

By CUNETTE



"I CAN DO THE WHOLE JOB, CAP'N—
SHOWER 'EM... SHAMPOO 'EM... SHAVE 'EM... AND LAUNDER 'EM!"

That's no idle boast, men... 'cause
SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN 1!

1. Swan's for bath or shower—loads of lather in a jiffy. Swan up... clean up... chin up!
2. Swan's for face and hands—puts you in shape to keep that date... with a gal or a meal!
3. Swan's for shaving—mild, creamy lather takes the whiskers off the toughest mug... so-o-o gently.
4. Swan's for laundry—you can almost sit back and let the rich, thick suds do all the work!

GET SWAN...IT'S SWANDERFUL!



TUNE IN:
George Burns &
Gracie Allen—
CBS, Tuesday nights

SWAN
FLOATING SOAP

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Yours
Truly—
Johnny.

In clinical tests, eminent doctors found and reported that—

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.

For the sake of *your* nose and throat—on evidence like that—you certainly ought to *try* this finer-tasting cigarette!



THE CIGARETTE THAT'S
RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS

—proved far less irritating to
the nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



How the boys flock around since they discovered I have a bottle of Mennen Skin Bracer!"

Nothing too good for the boys!



Plain or
Menthol-iced

It's a Cream —
not a Grease!

For After-Shaving
Chapped Skin
Sunburn, Windburn
Hot, Tired Feet



Largest-Selling
Men's Talc

All-Purpose
Foot Powder



MENNEN

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

SOUND OFF—Continued

MARINES PFD

Sirs:

I agree with the Show-Gals that sailors can jitterbug better than Marines (see January "Sound Off") but when it comes to an all-around date, the Leathernecks are still tops.

Mary Mayer.

Niles, Mich.

Sirs:

So those show-gals preferred soldiers and sailors to Marines as dancing partners. My, my, what taste! Well, Marines certainly aren't being left out of anything in St. Petersburg. The town is alive with servicemen and nothing happens. But just let a bunch of Leathernecks come in from Dunedin, and the competition gets so stiff you could chin yourself on it. As for dancing, I'd rather sit it out with a Marine than dance with a dozen soldiers or sailors . . . and I love dancing!

Jeanne Tipton.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

I'm not a showgirl but I'll bet I'm better qualified to judge Marines as dancers. I've been a USO hostess for two years now with an average of two dances a week. I've danced every step and stomp known to man and a few besides. And I'm giving you the straight dope when I say that Marines can hold their own at any style of dancing. I've talked to lots of girls about it and I can report that "be they dancin' or undancin'," Marines of any size, rank or accent really rate!

Ruth Abbott.

4060 Alameda Drive,
San Diego, Calif.

MEDALS

Sirs:

I would like to urge all parents, relatives and friends of Marines to write their boys in service more often. I know it does them a world of good. I have written my boy letters of eight to 10 pages every day since February, 1942. And when he goes overseas I'll write him twice a day.

You may be interested in a story I heard recently about MGy. Sergeant Lou Diamond. I can't vouch for its truth. "Old Lou" was walking down Starr Avenue, his old stomping ground

here in Toledo, when a friend asked him where were all his medals. "Hell", bellowed Lou, "why bother to carry them around; you can't eat 'em, hock 'em or sell 'em!"

M. A. Krauss.

1041 Woodville St.,
Toledo 5, Ohio.



"KID SISTER"

Sirs:

Thanks for that picture of Shirley Temple in the January issue. She was adopted "Kid Sister" of Fighting Squadron 113 towards the end of last summer. The squadron, which is also known as the "Whistling Death Squadron", invited her out to visit them at El Toro. It was then that the picture was taken. The cap she is wearing belongs to Capt. Frank C. Drury, a veteran ace of Guadalcanal.

Corp. Art Buchwald.

Somewhere in Pacific.

CORRECTION

Sirs:

In the January issue you gave the address of this bureau incorrectly. Your attention is invited to Letter of Instruction No. 400, dated 8 April, 1943, which will give you the official address of both this and the bureau in Utah.

J. M. Hodges,
Warrant Officer.

Scotia, N. Y.

* *Correct addresses for bureaus storing "lost property" are: U. S. Marine Corps Effects Bureau, Naval Supply Depot, Scotia 2, N. Y., and U. S. Marine Corps Effects Bureau, Naval Supply Depot, Clearfield, Utah.—Eds.*

PBJ

Sirs:

In December SOUND OFF you listed principal planes used by the Marine Corps but you forgot the PBJ (Army B-25) "Mitchell" Medium Bomber.

Sgt. Wilson J. Nettleton, Jr.
USMCAS,
Cherry Point, N. C.

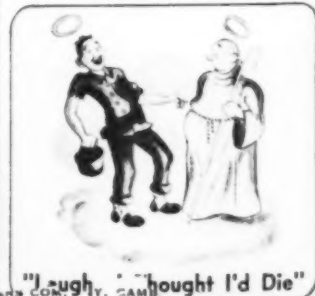
* *At the time of the compilation of the incomplete list of planes referred to, the PBJs were not among the Marines' principal planes. However, they are now being used increasingly by the Corps.—Eds.*

Fast Relief For Hot, Sore, Sweaty Feet

Don't be tormented by your feet. Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. This grand relief of Dr. Scholl's almost instantly relieves hot, sore, tender, sweaty, chafed, blistered or smelly feet. Soothes, refreshes. Get a 10c or 35c can now at your Post Exchange or Ship Store.



**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**



"I laugh, I thought I'd Die"



"Mom says we're sure lucky—still getting Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish"

50

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

What Servicemen Talk About

Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.

DYANSHINE *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
4137 N. KINGS HIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

HEY FELLAS! HERE ARE THE WINNERS IN THE NOXZEMA CONTEST!



We want to thank each and every one of you in all the services for the splendid letters you submitted in the NOXZEMA Contest which closed January 31. They are all so good that we only wish there were more prizes to distribute. However, here is the verdict of our judges:

FIRST PRIZE—\$100 to Sgt. Charles L. Mersich
Camp Crowder, Missouri.
SECOND PRIZE—\$25 to Barry Moses, Phm 1 c
U.S. Coast Guard, Savannah, Ga.
THIRD PRIZE—\$25 to Capt. Joseph J. Svoboda, U.S.M.C.R.
c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Cal.
\$5.00 each to

Pfc. Robert L. Rankin
U.S.M.C., Cherry Point, N. C.
Lt. Leonard J. Lasezak
Fort Pierce, Fla.
Phillip Kotloff, QM 2 c
U.S. Navy Base, Southport, N. C.
Frank D. Crowell, HA 1/c
U.S.N.A.T.T.C., Memphis, Tenn.
Sgt. Charles C. Spruell
Army Air Base, Brunting, Neb.

a/c Richard H. Kahle
Tyndall Field, Fla.
Cpl. Perry Malkin
Ft. Jackson, S. C.
Pvt. Gerald T. Fitzgerald
Fort Riley, Kans.
Clyde P. Brennan, R. M. 3/c
Laurelton, Long Island, N. Y.
"Chuck" Foley, S. 2/c
Melville, R. I.

Congratulations! Checks have been mailed to you!

Read what our Contestants say about Noxzema!

• Here are just a few excerpts from the many letters we received: "Cool, smooth Noxzema takes only a second to apply but what hours of soothing comfort it gives!" A Lieutenant writes: "coveralls get soaking wet but we found that

Noxzema soothes and relieves the burning sensation of chafing." Another writes, "the daily exposure to sun, wind and rain on the faces and hands of my men called for a remedy; I found Noxzema grand to soothe the face, hands and feet." A Medical man says Noxzema is a lifesaver in keeping his

hands smooth despite many washings.

And here are just some of the many ways servicemen use Noxzema: for Sunburn, Windburn, "Saltburn"; Sore, Chapped hands; Chafing; Tired, burning feet; Minor insect bites—and over and over again they say "Noxzema Shave is grand!"—that even with cold water, even when their skin is windburned, it gives a smooth, clean shave without sting or irritation.

Get a jar of Noxzema at your PX or any drug counter. 35¢, 50¢ and \$1.00.

NOXZEMA Skin Cream



SOUND OFF—Continued

HYMN

Sirs:
The other day a bunch of Marines here listened to a phonograph recording of The Marines' Hymn by Gene Krupa. Since when have they started swinging this grand song as if it were hep-cat music or a jitterbug dance tune? We don't like it.

Guard Detachment.
New Bern, N. C.

GRANDFATHER

Sirs:
In January SOUND OFF, PFC Nagorka wants to know if there is any grandfather in the Marine Corps younger than 39. PFC M. A. Woodallen of Houston, Texas, now of San Diego, is a grandfather at 37. His son, PFC Alan E. Woodallen of the 3rd Raider Bn. was killed in action in the South Pacific.

Mrs. Jack Miller.
Houston, Texas.

DENNIS DOG

Sirs:
Morgan Dennis, the famous dog artist and former Marine, has been doing a series of drawings for us, which will appear in the COMPANION during the next year. I showed him copies of THE LEATHERNECK and he was very much interested in it, so I suggested that some time he might like to whip up a drawing with a Marine bulldog in it, which you could use. The enclosed is the result.

Spence Wildey.
Art Editor.
Woman's Home Companion,
New York City.



PERCENTAGE SLIP

Sirs:
Under Camp Pendleton in "We the Marines" for December you say: "They found 25 per cent of the regiment was married and 50 per cent had children." Was that a slip of the lip, or a frighter by the typewriter?

E. C. Adams.
Marseilles, Ill.
• Oops! Our error: not theirs.—Eds.

SATIRE

Sirs:
We think "The Dartmouth Marines' Hymn" (January LEATHERNECK) is an insult to the whole Corps. The writer seems to think that the V-12 boys are the "flower of the nation" and that they can "raise the mental average of the United States Marines." Well, the Marine Corps managed to struggle along for 168 years without the V-12 "saviours" at Dartmouth!

PFC L. A. West,
PFC W. J. Varuola.
Camp Pendleton,
Oceanside, Calif.

• We fear PFCs West and Varuola missed the satire in PFC Cummings' fine parody.—Eds.

SURVIVOR

Sirs:
THE LEATHERNECK (November, 1943) says Ensign Gay was the only survivor of Torpedo Bomber Squadron No. 8 at the Battle of Midway. An article we read in LIBERTY magazine gives an entirely different story, naming two survivors. The fellows in this tent have come to the conclusion that THE LEATHERNECK was wrong on this matter. Are we right you're wrong?

PFC Ernest W. Hite,
PFC Eskel Nix,
PFC Keith E. Powell,
Pvt. Raymond Pucden.
Somewhere in Pacific.

• No, you're wrong, we're right. Navy Communique No. 97, dated 14 July, 1942, states that Ensign G. H. Gay, Jr., USNR, was the only survivor of Torpedo Bomber Squadron No. 8 at the Battle of Midway.—Eds.

"THAT SUBSCRIPTION"

Sirs:
While in Bougainville I got my hands on a copy of THE LEATHERNECK and read it through from cover to cover. The fact that it was the only reading matter available, made no difference in my high esteem of the publication. If you ever talk to anyone who has been through the same thing, you'll know why a man makes up his mind then and there that he will take care of "that subscription" as soon as he gets back. Now, although I'm not as far back as I'd like to be, I'm back far enough to take care of that subscription matter, so here it is.

Lieut. Joseph Balassone, Jr.
Somewhere in Pacific.



My Marine Says He Wouldn't Tolerate
Me One Moment If I Wasn't A Good Cook

RICH TASTE
WITHOUT BITE-IN
EVERY PIPEFUL OF
PRINCE ALBERT.
REAL TONGUE-EASE,
EASY DRAWING

50

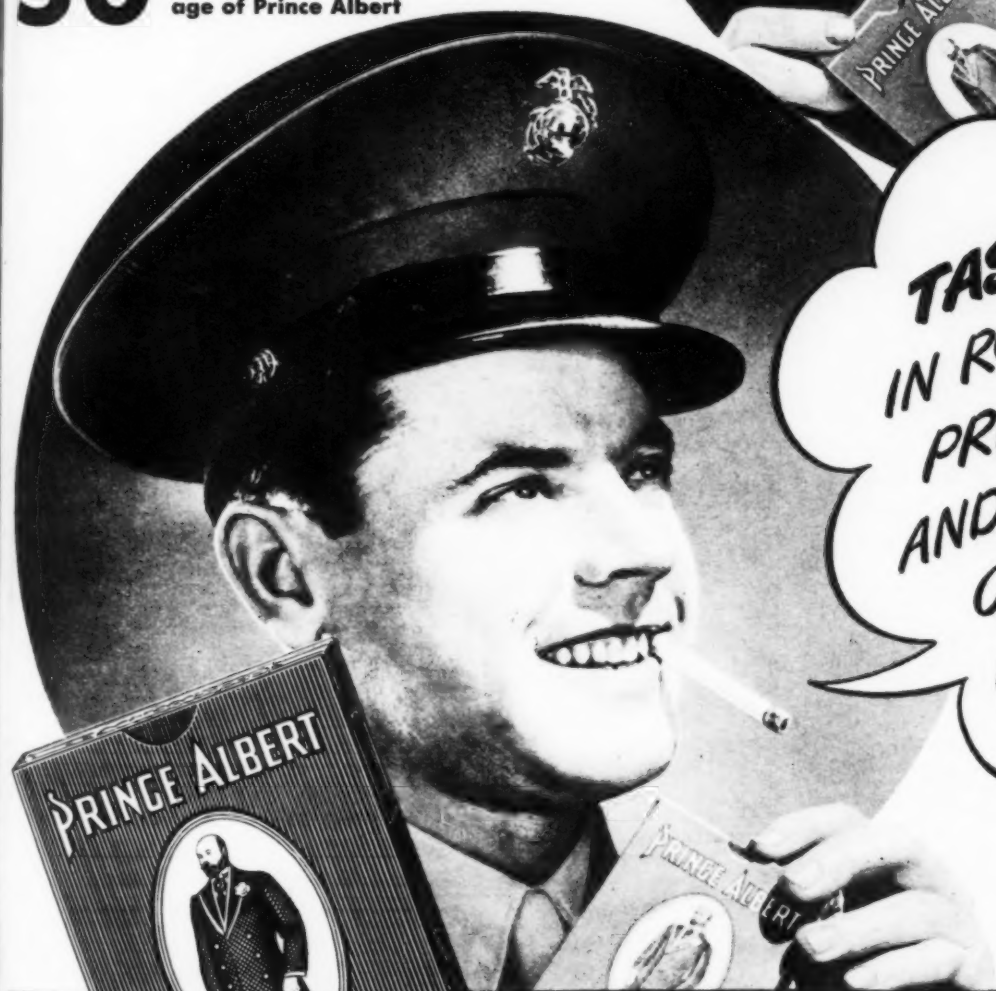
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco
in every handy pocket pack-
age of Prince Albert



TASTY TOO
IN ROLL-YOUR-OWNS,
PRINCE ALBERT—
AND **SO MILD!** CRIMP
CUT; KOLLS QUICK,
NEAT; GOOD SQUARE
ENDS

70

fine roll-your-own
cigarettes in every
handy pocket package
of Prince Albert



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

"WON'T GUM—WON'T
CLOG—WON'T FAIL. NO
WONDER PARKER QUINK
IS CALLED THE
PEN-PROTECTING INK!"



*This ink proves
pen failures
can be avoided!*

Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents
metal corrosion, rubber deteri-
oration . . . cleans your pen as
it writes!

Right you are, Soldier! This Parker Quink
is more than an ink. For Quink, alone of all
writing fluids, contains *solv-x*, a special in-
gredient that stops most pen troubles be-
fore they start.

Quink containing *solv-x* protects all
makes of pens against metal corrosion and
rubber deterioration . . . flushes away gum
and sediment left by ordinary inks.

Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying
—Quink costs no more than ordinary inks.
Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen
Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and
Toronto, Canada.

★ ★ ★
"MICRO-FILM BLACK," the all-purpose black
ink. Writes black, stays black. Ideal for
V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes
in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black,
Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet,
Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue.
Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.

Copyright, 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

**Parker Scientists add SOLV-X
to every bottle of Quink!**

. . . protects pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and
rubber rot always caused by
high-acid inks.
2. Ends all gumming and clog-
ging. Gives quick starting—
even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away
sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Actually cleans your pen as it
writes—keeps it out of the
repair shop.



PARKER Quink

the only ink containing SOLV-X

SOUND OFF—Continued

NO QUESTIONS

Sirs:

I am writing you in hopes of
locating a watch which was
taken from my pack on Tarawa.
Maybe whoever took it thought
I was killed, but I am very much
alive. It is a 17 jewel Gruen with
a gold case and the initials JAW
on the back. A pal of mine also
would like to get back his liberty
tooth (false) which he lost
there. No questions will be
asked.

Corp. James A. Wallace.
Somewhere in Pacific

FEET

Sirs:

PFC F. E. Simon of our outfit
has feet so small that he has to
wear Army shoes, size 3½EEE.
He can't wear Marine GI foot-
gear, for size 5 is the smallest
manufactured.

PFC Stephen T. Salamon.
Somewhere in South Pacific.



SIZES

Sirs:

The day before I was trans-
ferred from Indian Head, Md.,
I took this picture of my buddies
in "The Fighting Quartermas-
ters". It proves there are all sizes
in the Corps. From left to right,
they are: Corp. Oliver Burkett,
5'6"; Corp. Richard Allen, 6'7";
PFC John T. Frazier, 5'5".

Sgt. John T. Hansen.
MB, NAD,
Earle, N. J.

V-12

Sirs:

Your article on the V-12 pro-
gram in the January issue was
very good but it did not cover
the training that a V-12 Marine
receives upon completion of his
college work. Following college,
they must qualify in boot-camp.
From there a selected few go to
Officer Candidates' class at
Quantico. It may be noted that
those who pass in college go to
Parris Island, while those who
fail go to San Diego. These
V-12s are definitely not "90-day
wonders".

Pvt. C. E. Morgan.
Duke University,
Durham, N. C.

LONG LETTER

Sirs:

PFC W. E. Pickering, now over-
seas, has received a letter from
his mother 67 pages long. Can
anyone beat that record for a
letter from home?

Helen Martini.

Chicago, Ill.

NO LIKE

Sirs:

We found a copy of the "stream-
lined" LEATHERNECK in the
vicinity of the head. Confiden-
tially, it stinks!

GySgt. E. S. Reilly,
PlSgt. H. A. Houck,
PlSgt. W. J. Rentz,
PlSgt. C. Mokrovich,
PlSgt. B. V. Kearse.

Somewhere in Pacific.

• *Confidentially, under
the circumstances, why
wouldn't it?—Eds.*

Sirs:

When I first saw a copy of the
new LEATHERNECK, I
thought it was the LADIES
HOME JOURNAL and threw
it down in disgust. I made my
second mistake when I picked
it back up. Let's have the old
LEATHERNECK back, please.

Corp. Joseph H. Lieb.
Somewhere in Pacific.

• *The editors seek to give
enlisted Marines the kind
of magazine they want.
Hundreds of approvals of
new magazine prove Corp.
Lieb in the minority.—Eds.*

LIKE

Sirs:

Congratulations on the new
LEATHERNECK. At last we
have a magazine of interest to
everyone in the Corps.

PFC G. D. Edmonds.
Somewhere in Pacific.

Sirs:

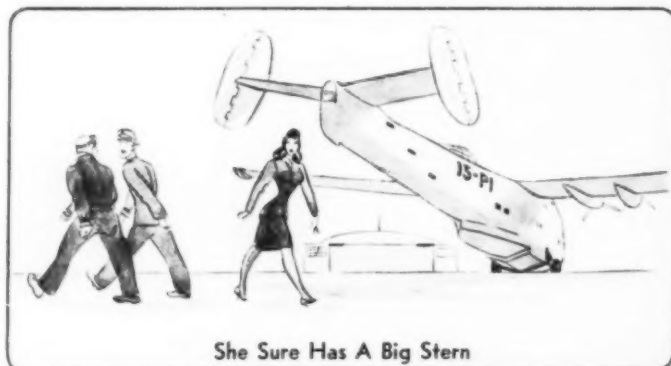
All the boys in this outfit would
like to let you know that we
really enjoy the new LEATH-
ERNECK. There seems to be a
100 per cent improvement. The
Army and Navy have their
magazines but thanks to the
staff for giving the Marine Corps
the best. Variety is what makes
an interesting magazine.

Pvt. Charles Riehn.
MAD, NATTC,
Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

The new LEATHERNECK is
a wonderful magazine and in-
tensely interesting. My son is
now on Bougainville and your
magazine helps me keep in touch
with the activities of the Marine
Corps and gives me a chance to
visualize what my boy is doing.

Henry F. Kinnear.
1021 W. 45th St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.



She Sure Has A Big Stern

For this I am here...

What I produce FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM throughout the world—for seven successive years I have set new food production records. This I have done during the last three years in spite of having too little farm machinery and not enough help. Because of this, a lot of the farm machinery is worn far more than it normally would have been. This is why I will need all the farm machinery on the farm on time in 1944 that the manufacturers were authorized to build. I know they will build it all if they get the materials to build it with.

Modern farm machines are my labor-saving tools of production, and with an ample supply I should be able to set new food production records for 1944 if the weather gives me half a chance. But even so, there will not be enough food to fill all the demands because the

demand for food has increased even faster than my production can be increased . . . so you will have to conserve and do without some things sometimes. The food I produce will feed our Armed Forces, all civilians, many of our allies, and much of it will be a real weapon for victory and peace when used to feed the people freed from the heels of the dictators. Because of this, I will raise the crops most needed for these purposes and also raise more of the vegetables needed right on the farm.

The American farm is the world's largest war plant and America's largest single industry. With around 17% of the population and the help of modern machinery the American farmer feeds all better than any people in the world. About every acre of tillable land in the country is being farmed. Give me the machinery I need and the help of at least 3½ million Americans for at least a month's work, and I will do the job. This is a tremendous job, but FOR THIS I AM HERE. If we all work together eventual victory will be ours so that freedom may be preserved. Our food can win the war and write the peace. That's why we all must share, play square and conserve . . . Besides this, I am doing the biggest job of getting all scrap into the big scrap—I'm investing in War Savings Bonds regularly and keeping them—I'm caring for my farm machinery and my land for my country, and I'm on the job regularly for more hours than any other Americans. I am the American Farmer.



MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE
POWER IMPLEMENT COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS 1,
MINNESOTA, U.S.A.



CHOW on the LOADED TABLE

(NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH BOOT CAMP CAFETERIA STYLE)



G.I. MAC, FRESH OUT OF BOOT CAMP, CRUISES IN FOR HIS FIRST CHOW AT THE LOADED TABLE



HE DISPLAYS HIS BEST EMILY POST MANNERS TO IMPRESS THE BOYS



ALL HE GETS IS A BEAT-UP CARROT AND SOME GRAVY DRIPPIN'S THAT FELL DURING THE RAID



SPEND YOUR NEXT 30-DAY FURLOUGH AT THE OPERA

SO YOU CAN MASTER THAT SCREAMING FORTISSIMO AT CHOW

BEE-HEE HEENS DOWN



STRATEGIC TABLE POSITION BEING ABLE TO GET FIRST ON "SECONDS" COMPENSATES EXPERIENCED SURVEY MEN FOR SITTING ON THE HOT SEATS

ART OF SHORT STOPPING



AT THE CALL YOU LOOK AND FIND YOU ONLY HAVE THREE YOURSELF



DEFTLY WITH THE RIGHT HAND YOU SCUTTLE THE PLATTER



THIS STIMULATES THE FLOW OF VITAL DIGESTIVE JUICES AND A JOLLY EXCHANGE OF PLEASANTRIES

CHOW LINGO

ARMORED HEIFER	CANNED MILK	GRASS OR RABBIT FOOD	SALAD
BEAN BAG	MEAL PENNANT	JAMOKE, JOE OR MUD	COFFEE
BELLY ROBBER	COOK OR BAKER	POPEYE	SPINACH
CACKLEBERRIES	EGGS	PUNK	BREAD
COLLISION MATS	PANCAKES	RED LEAD	CATSUP
DOWN	TO PASS	SEA DUST	SALT
FISH EYES	TAPIOCA	SEA GOING TURKEY	FISH
GOLD FISH	CANNED SALMON	SEAGULL	CHICKEN
SIDE ARMS	CREAM AND SUGAR		
SINKERS	DOUGHNUTS		
SLUM	STEW		
TARGET PASTE	CREAMED CHIP BEEF		

P.S. IN A FEW ISOLATED CASES MEN HAVE BEEN HEARD TO EMBELLISH THE ABOVE WITH QUANT DESCRIPTIVE ADJECTIVES

CENSORED



HOW MANY ARMS YA THINK I GOT?

OH, BOY!! COLD CUTS



BANG EARS WITH —

THE MESS SERGEANT

THE MESS BOYS

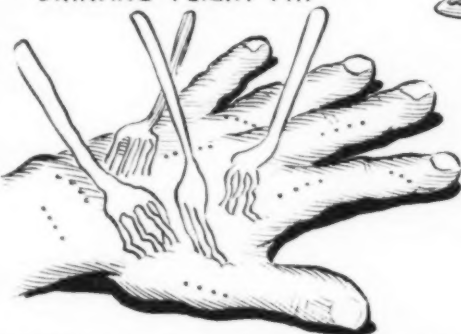


IF YOU LIKE CAVIAR AND CREPE SUZETTE, THE SARGE IS THE BIRD TO "FIX"

BOOBY TRAPS



BEWARE OF SPREAD EAGLES DRAWING FLIGHT PAY



OBJECT LESSON ON WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE HAND IS NOT IMMEDIATELY REMOVED FROM NO MAN'S LAND (MEAT PLATTER)

LIGHTNING PINCERS MOVEMENT



WHEN THE COMMAND "SEATS" IS GIVEN SCOOP UP EVERYTHING IN REACH

USE OF DECOYS

PIN UP YOUR FAVORITE FIFI AT THE END OF THE MESS HALL TABLE AND YOU CAN SHOVEL IN THE CHOW AT YOUR LEISURE



POISE, POLITENESS AND FEMININE DAINTESS GRACE THE TABLES OF OUR LITTLE "FEATHERNECK" MARINES



G.I. MAC IN FOR A CLOTHING SURVEY TWO WEEKS AFTER HE MASTERS THE TECHNIQUE OF EATING CHOW FROM THE LOADED TABLE

SACK-TIME SPRINT



BASIC MEDALS



ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THESE CARTOONS AND ACTUAL CHOW HALL MARINES IS AB-SO-LUTELY INTENTIONAL

FRED LASSWELL



APPLE "HONEY" and Freshness
go together like
 Moonlight and Roses!



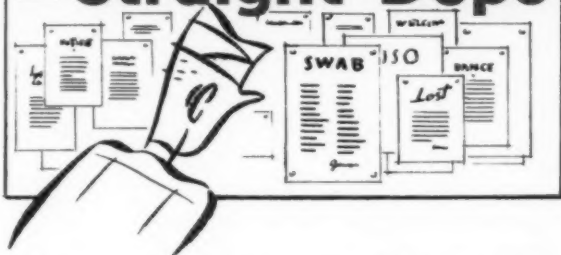
Fine tobacco is one thing, but fine *fresh* tobacco is another! You want a cigarette with all the freshness, all the aroma, all the flavor that you can get! Apple "Honey"—the nectar of luscious apples—helps keep in the natural freshness of Old Gold's fine tobaccos, to which "something new has been added"—imported Latakia tobacco for richer flavor. Try Old Golds and see why they've won a million new friends!

Buy more War Bonds than you think you can afford!

OLD GOLD

LISTEN TO: Monty Woolley and Sammy Kaye's Band, Wed. Evenings, CBS Network; also Bob Crosby and his Orchestra Sun. Evenings, NBC Network.

the Straight Dope



There's a show which is very popular in Los Angeles called "Two in a Bed." Well, any more and it might not be so popular.

They tell us a girl came back from a trip to Hollywood feeling very dejected. Possibly an instance of no runs, no hits, no errors.

It's always good to turn over a new leaf and start off with a clean sheet. That is, if it gets back from the laundry.

Portugal is insisting that all its football players learn how to read and write. What are they trying to do, kill the sport?



Tojo, said a report, was missing from a banquet given by the emperor. He was probably busy that night, out sinking the American navy—again.

Deanna Durbin, divorcing her mate, complained that he didn't like classical music. Quick now, anyone know of a good substitute for Beethoven on a rainy night?



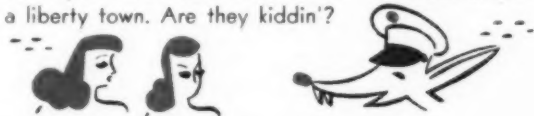
Double feature movie bill: "The Heats On," with Mae West, and "Is Everybody Happy?" Maybe not everybody, but doubtless quite a few.



A wealthy New Yorker is reported engaged to Paul-ette (ex-Mrs. Chaplin) Goddard. Charlie is such a success anyone would be happy to step into his (bedroom) shoes.

Marines at a lonely Pacific outpost asked the USO to send 'em an entertainment company of ten girls. They said it would be okay if one of the girls could sing, too.

Government officials gravely disclosed they had received reports that New Orleans was "somewhat liberal" as a liberty town. Are they kiddin'?



Montana ranchers are alarmed because wolves are over-running their land. That's nothing. They ought to see Broadway on Saturday nights.

RHM

As sure as two and two make four

And four and four make eight,

You'll like delicious **POWERHOUSE**

The candy bar that's great!



CANDY BAR

WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO., CHICAGO




250,000 CAP DEVICES

*IN SERVICE FROM THE MARSHALLS TO MURMANSK
and not one tarnished*

Hilborn-Hamburger cap devices have been exposed to the fog of the fjords, the snow of the Arctic run, the heat and rain of the Pacific and have come through as clear and brilliant as the day they were bought . . . because they've been weather-proofed and made to wear. They are gold-filled to give them the backbone they need . . . and the sterling silver parts are then tarnish-proofed with palladium.*

HILBORN HAMBURGER
INCORPORATED
15 EAST 26th STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Manufacturers to
U. S. NAVY • U. S. MARINE CORPS • U. S. COAST GUARD • U. S. MARITIME SERVICE

On Sale at licensed dealers, post exchanges
and ship service stores everywhere




*PALLADIUM . . . One of the whitest of all precious metals in the platinum family. It is light, unalterable in appearance, unaffected by sulphur and other fumes. Used for fine jewelry when platinum is unobtainable.



THE FAVORITE SERVICE SHINE

Yes, GRIFFIN Polishes have been doing a brilliant job on service shoes and other leather equipment since 1890. That's why GRIFFIN outsells all other brands of shoe polish combined* in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard.

*Based upon the last five yearly sales surveys in Army Post Exchanges and Commissaries, Navy Ship's Stores and Coast Guard Canteens.



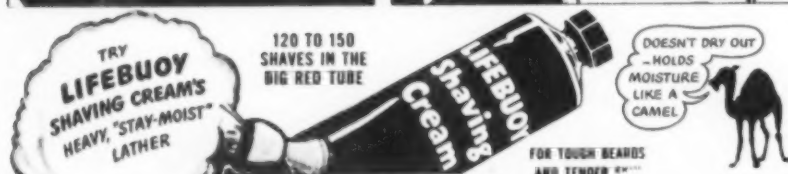
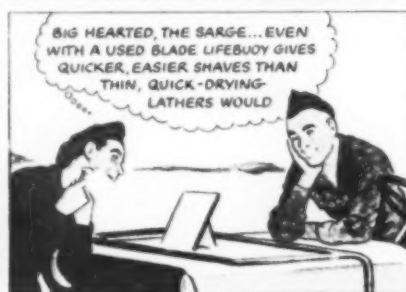
GRIFFIN LOTION CREAM

GRIFFIN ABC WAX POLISH

GRIFFIN ALLWITE
for the Nurses

GRIFFIN

The Greatest Name in Shoe Polish



Question Box

Q. Are hashmarks authorized for less than four years' time?

A. Service stripes are authorized for each four-year period of service. Army, Navy, Coast Guard service can be included as can National Guard duty, provided service with latter organization occurred after federalization on July 15, 1933.

Q. Are good conduct insignia authorized for less than four years' service in the Marine Corps?

A. Marine Corps good conduct insignia is awarded to enlisted personnel upon completion of a four-year enlistment, and after not less than two years' in an enlistment when discharged to accept a warrant, commission or appointment in the Naval service.

Q. Which rates higher, SgtMaj. or MTSgt.?

A. SgtMaj. Line rank always takes precedence.

Q. Do I get a ribbon for a commendation received in 1925?

A. No. This ribbon (no medal involved) was authorized by the Secretary of the Navy for all personnel receiving an individual letter of commendation signed by the Secretary; Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet; Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet; or Commander in Chief, U. S. Atlantic Fleet for acts of heroism performed since 6 December, 1941. Commendation ribbon is standard Navy size and of myrtle green color with a three-sixteenth inch white stripe inset one-eighth inch from each edge. It will take precedence after the Air Medal ribbon.

Q. I need an allotment and my son is in the Marine Corps. Can I apply for the allotment?

A. All applicants for family allowance must be filed by the man concerned. Whatever action he takes will be final.

Q. Who pays the extra money for sharpshooters, experts, etc.?

A. It is paid from appropriations listed as "Pay, Marine Corps".

Q. I read that the Fourth Marine Brigade won the fourragere in World War I. Wasn't it the Fifth and Sixth Marines?

A. The fourragere (in the colors of the French Croix de Guerre) was awarded to the Fourth Brigade, composed of the Fifth and Sixth Marines and Sixth Machine Gun battalion.

Q. If I receive a medical discharge, how much clothing may I keep and how long can I wear it?

A. A man honorably discharged keeps one complete winter service uniform plus all ss trousers, garrison caps, shirts, underwear, socks and shoes and can wear it for 90 days after discharge.

Q. Is there anything I can wear on my civilian clothes to show that I am a discharged Marine?

A. Former members of the armed forces who served during the war are considered veterans regardless of the length of service and will receive an honorable discharge button to wear on civilian clothes.

Q. Do I have to pay my fare home when medically discharged?

A. Fare home is provided at the time of discharge.

Q. When medically discharged do I receive other money besides that owed me for the time I served?

A. A veteran is entitled to "mustering-out pay" which amounts to as much as \$300, and medical treatment and compensation from the Veterans Administration. Compensation is based on the rate of \$100 per month for total disability with a ten-dollar-per-month minimum. Additional compensation, depending upon the type of disability, also may be awarded. This disability must be as a result of service.



"Mr. Deeds" Goes to War

With a Pair of Pistol Packin' Mamas

by Gary Cooper

As Told To TSgt. Robert H. Myers

Gary Cooper escaped bombing but came home thrilled with humility and pride over the job Marines are doing in the Pacific

THE four of us who made the trip to the Southwest Pacific have been most reluctant to talk about it for publication since we returned. We were afraid it might appear that we were trying to capitalize on the tour. Our feelings are the exact opposite. We feel we were honored to be permitted to go into this theater of the war, and it was a privilege and an experience. I assure you, that left us all deeply touched. We will never forget it. We never want to forget it. Whatever small morale benefit we accomplished, we were repaid over and over again by having been given the chance to see and meet the men who are fighting for us.

Our outfit, Una Merkel, Phyllis Brooks, Andy Arcari and myself, came home with feelings of humility and profound appreciation. We wish everyone in civilian life could see the things we saw and meet the Marines, soldiers and sailors we were so fortunate to meet. They would then better appreciate and understand what is being done for them in this war. They would see for themselves the hardships these men endure day in and day out; hardships we back in our safe homeland cannot even imagine. They would be amazed and forever

(Turn Page)

GARY COOPER answered the doorbell of his dressing room at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio in Hollywood, and led the way inside. He's tall, about 6 feet 2 or 3, and built like one of the fence posts he used to wire on his father's ranch in Montana. He wore grey flannel slacks, sport shoes, a canary yellow wool shirt and a coat that was unquestionably expensive but whose material seemed more appropriate for a bathroom mat.

"They're just fixing this joint up. Smells like hell. Have a seat." He talks in the same clipped fashion you hear on the screen. He waved toward a sofa and seemed very self-conscious. He was, and invariably is, when confronted with an interview.

"Smells pretty bad, doesn't it?" he asked. It did, but merely of fresh paint.

"Room'll be all right if I get a bed in it," Cooper ambled on, still ill at ease and sparring for time. "They're just fixing it up for me." He said he hadn't occupied the dressing room suite for some-

time. Years before it had been the luxurious dressing quarters of the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Only Cooper didn't say "luxurious." He doesn't use big words. He doesn't use any words, large or small, any more than he has to.

He settled his frame into an overstuffed chair and bent one leg over the right arm. Presently he had both legs dangling over the side, and soon he had reversed positions and was hanging over the left arm of the chair. Midway in the switch he would stretch, yawn, or remove and replace his silver-rimmed spectacles. Cooper being interviewed is like a man about to get the third degree. He's as fidgety as a dog with fleas.

It seemed hours before the major topic of the interview—the tour Cooper and three others took to the South Pacific—had been launched. It probably seemed even longer to Cooper.

He was reluctant about the matter because he was genuinely afraid someone would think he

was boasting or cashing in on the trip. He is modest and self-effacing to a fault when it comes to discussing himself. It isn't an act. He is just that way. Una Merkel, one of the tour members, said Cooper was never one to hog the spotlight during the trip; on the contrary, he made them the stars of the troupe.

The lanky Coop, as his intimates call him, has been a movie star since 1925, but he hasn't acted like one. Once, caught in the middle of a legal tangle between two studios fighting over his contract, he was valued as a \$4,000,000 asset. He's a diamond still somewhat in the rough.

Once he started talking for The LEATHER-NECK about the trip—not about himself, but about the men he met, and the pride he felt in being permitted to meet them—he forgot his misgivings and became as easy as an old shoe. No wonder he's worth \$4,000,000 to any studio.

RHM



Dark-skinned natives give you some idea of the isolated outposts Cooper and his three partners visited during their travels in the South Pacific war zones while entertaining

grateful at the way our fighters accept the dangers and hardships—undreamed of risks and hardships taken with a smile. They would be affected, as we were, by the warm appreciation these men display for just the slightest bit of attention or thought. They would understand why we came up with lumps in our throats many, many times during the tour.

To start at the beginning, we left Hollywood on pretty short notice. We went by train to San Francisco where we spent two days rushing around getting passports and credentials in order. Then we flew by army transport to Hickam Field in Hawaii. All of us were nervous, not so much about the trip or the scenes we were to see, but whether we would amount to anything as entertainers for the troops. None of us could be considered singers or dancers, but Andy, the accordionist, was one of the best musicians I've ever heard. But neither of the girls have ever done much, if any, singing before a live audience, and certainly I'm no singer, story teller or tap dancer. And we didn't even have our act ready.

Well, we thought we were going to Australia first, and would have time there to get our show together. I had some old jokes and stuff—I stole them from Jack Benny and Bob Hope—but we honestly didn't know what we were going to do. And we found that we couldn't rehearse in the ship. We were lucky to have a place to sit. But we didn't go to Australia right away. We

landed at one of those tiny little islands and discovered we had a show to do for the men stationed there.

We put on a show. I don't know how, but I guess it wasn't as bad as we thought. Those men were so starved for anything in the way of entertainment they even enjoyed us. We were to find that this was true almost everywhere else we went. Those boys down there feel like they're the forgotten men of the world, and sometimes it seemed that they were, or had been.

Soon, however, we took off and it wasn't long before we were in Australia. We had to fill out more credentials and passports, and then they gave us some GI clothes. I'd been wearing just my regular trousers and shirt. The GI clothes felt good. The gals had taken some nice clothes along, a few evening dresses and sports dresses and whatnot. They had a tough time keeping them in order.

At first our show was about 45 minutes long, including Andy's playing. The boys certainly went for him and his accordion. They'd yell out requesting songs, and he'd always play 'em. He can play any tune, popular or classical. He got a lot of requests for classical pieces, too, which surprised us. After awhile, though, we weren't surprised at anything we discovered with those kids.

I'd like to say this about the Marines. You never have to explain a joke or gag to them. They're right on the ball all the

time. They'll jump ahead of you if you don't move fast. They're an alert outfit, and no one should ever try to "play down" to them. We found that out every time we hit a Marine camp.

We saw a lot of Marines, of course, and met many of the officers. Speaking in this connection, we'd heard some criticism that in some cases officers supposedly had monopolized visitors on a tour. We did not find this at all. Instead, most of the officers were insistent that we help with the recreation of the enlisted men first, last and always. This was true not only of the Marines, but the other branches of the service as well.

We met some of the finest people I ever hope to meet. Colonel Whaling, who was with General Rupertus' outfit, also General Rupertus. Una had a funny experience. She met the son of a man who used to work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when she was over there. He was a Marine, an enlisted man, named George Minnick. She hadn't seen him since he was a little kid and he and his sister used to bring her cakes baked by their mother. Those Marines were swell. One of them gave Phyllis a handsome ashtray carved out of a shell, and a big sergeant named Ward gave Una a Jap rifle captured at Tulagi. She has to have it cleared before she gets it into this country, but she's going to auction it off for war bonds.

It was this outfit, made up mostly of veterans of Guadalcanal, which "decorated" us with Guadalcanal arm patches. Colonel Whaling did the awarding. Do you know the girls were so touched they both cried? One Marine, a corporal, walked by Phyllis afterward and said, "Treasure that, sister. They were hard fought for, and hard won."

And then when, after our show, the whole bunch stood up and sang "From the Halls of Montezuma," the girls started bawling again. I felt kind of like it myself.

We spent about five weeks in New Guinea, playing two, three or more shows a day. Between shows we visited hospitals, ate chow with the men, and all the time we were begging to be taken to a combat zone. But they wouldn't let us.

They treated us so carefully we were never in any real danger. Once, while we were visiting a hospital at Lei, which was only 40 minutes from the Japs, we had an alert. You should have seen those boys hit the deck from their cots, dressed in night-



Everywhere he went, the men out in the field discovered long, lanky Cooper to be a modest, regular guy, ever ready to bat the breeze or put on a show that was calculated to please 'em



The smash hit of the show—"Pistol Packin' Mama"—dished out with lots of the old corn

shirts, pajamas or less. We didn't lose any time looking for cover either. But the Japs didn't drop anything.

Another place we went to apparently had been expecting us. They had four slit trenches all marked off for us with signs over each lettered, "Una," "Phyllis," "Andy," and one for me. Over them was a big sign that read, "Falling Stars Dive Here."

That shows you what spirit those boys have down there. They keep right on punching all the time. Talk about morale. We at home should take lessons from them.

We kept on building to our show and it was about two hours long when we really got going with it. I certainly was lucky to have the two gals and Andy. All three were simply swell. Phyllis had a song number, and Una had another which she did called, "I Couldn't Say No." It was a little spicy, but not too much. We were careful not to have anything off color in the show. We found out that the kids down there don't go for any dirty stuff when there are nice girls around. For my part of the show, I told a few bum jokes, and I sang the one song I knew. Thing called "Ragtime Cowboy Joe." Sure, I was lousy.

I'll never forget one day. We came to one camp and it was raining like the devil. We found several thousand men waiting for us. They were sitting in the mud. Not on benches or logs, mind you, but in the only place available, which was mud. We were told they had been waiting for us since 2 o'clock that afternoon, and it was after 5 when we managed to reach the spot.

That will give you an idea of how lonely those boys were for fun and the sight of someone, anyone from home. You just don't know how far away that place seems and is until you get down there. Some of the boys told us that home, their real home, seemed like a dim, pleasant dream to them. Our faces, they said, were sort of familiar to them because they'd seen them on the screen, and it was the sight of something familiar, not us, which meant so much to them. Just anything that would carry them back once again to the homes they had known.

One day, early in the tour, we were at a camp. It was raining, as usual. Our stage was a small plank platform with a tarpaulin stretched over for a roof. Every so often someone would ram a pole up and tilt it to let the water spill out. Someone called out and asked for the Lou Gehrig speech. That was the one we did in the Gehrig picture, where Lou said goodbye to baseball in his last appearance at Yankee Stadium. I told the boys I had forgotten it—it had been over two years since we made that picture—but I went off to one side with a pencil and a piece of paper and managed to scribble most of it down from memory.

Then I got up and read it off. I told the boys it was a speech which Lou himself and his wife, Eleanor, had composed the night before the occasion; that it was the speech of one of the greatest guys in the world, a man who had lived a clean life, and was one of the greatest athletes of all time. Then, I said, he ran into misfortune and an illness that took his life, but that he had faced the bad break with the same courage and spirit that he had met everything else with.

Those words were true, just as Gehrig's life was true and real and an inspiration for anyone who chooses to follow his footsteps. Usually the boys out in the audience kept up a line of playful chatter, but when they listened to the Gehrig speech they were so quiet you could have heard a pin drop.

Our big song number, however, came with all of us doing "Pistol Packin' Mama." We really gave it to them corny, and they liked it, bad as it was. Of course, the two gals were the hit of the show. As soon as the kids would see them they'd let out a howl. Some of those boys, as you know, hadn't seen a white woman for two years or more. I can't say enough for them. They worked like real troupers, which they are. They took a beating. Riding through a jungle in a jeep is not like taking a drive down the boulevard in a limousine, but they'd go anywhere, anytime, in any kind of truck, jeep or on foot. And they always managed to arrive looking pretty. I don't know how they did it, but they did. Once they told me they stood under a barrel shower at 2 o'clock in the morning to wash their hair because that was the only time they'd had in days.

And I must say that two girls were never treated with more respect than they were down there. They said they never once heard a cuss word, and it seemed that everyone was so concerned with their welfare that if anyone had said anything out of the way, his buddies "would have kicked his teeth in."

One day Una got into a big discussion with a bunch of Marines. She's from Kentucky, and speaks with a pretty deep accent, so all the southern boys always flocked around her. They had quite a session. Then one boy from Texas wanted to know if the rest of the United States had declared war yet or was Texas still fighting it alone.

That broke it up.

We didn't have time for much personal relaxation, but once we did get to slip off on a picnic to a little island in a PT boat. I got to shoot a carbine during the ride. Another time we took a reconnaissance flight over some bad country, flying less



They traded in these civilian "glad rags" at Sidney, Australia, for the well known GI style of work garb



The troupe traveled by plane, jeep and afoot, using anything to get them to the places they were going



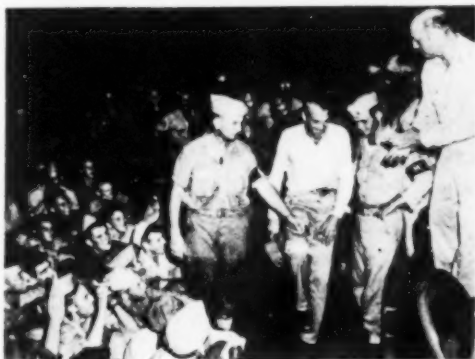
Tourists did you say? "Phil," Una go native

than 50 feet over the water. For the most part, though, everyone was so considerate of our safety we couldn't get anywhere near danger. We lived in whatever was available—native huts or ramshackle shacks. Chow was good. They're apparently getting better food and supplies down there now than they were at first. It must have been rugged in those days.

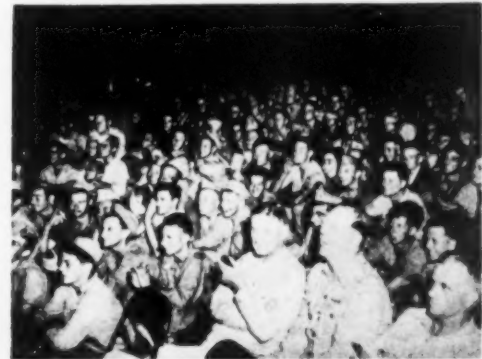
In conclusion, it was an experience that no entertainer should miss. I've never been on the stage, but playing to those boys was the greatest thrill in my life, and I know it would be to anyone who has played to audiences from the stage. It is hard to explain, but those boys—well, something about them just gets you and it's no wonder the girls had to let loose and cry once in awhile.

We all want to go again, and again. We don't pretend to be brave or courageous. We are just grateful for the opportunity given us to see and meet the greatest bunch of boys in the world.

End.



MP's had to open aisles, so big were the crowds that turned out to listen to the touring stars



The crowd gets a big laugh when Cooper dusts off, trots out a joke even he admits is ancient

Should I get a Job or go to School?

Charles KETTERING

Head of General Motors research laboratory; graduate engineer; inventor of auto self-starter, Deleo lighting



I THINK we should recognize at the outset that there is no single definite answer to the question of this symposium. While I am convinced that it is generally desirable to complete a formal education if it can possibly be done, I would hesitate to say that everyone whose education has been interrupted by the war should return to college to obtain a degree.

That would be on a par with saying that a college degree is a guaranteed ticket to success. We all know many successful men who have very little formal education. The important thing is the man and the way he uses his knowledge and opportunities, not his degree.

When the war is over, American industry will reconvert to peacetime production, and this will have its effect on employment. Most industrial organizations have been wholly engaged in war work. Their engineering and production facilities have been concentrated exclusively on war problems. Because of this concentration on war work the normal range of improvement and development of most peacetime products has been greatly delayed. The job of bringing these products up to date after the war will be tremendously accelerated. We will have to accomplish in a few months what normally would have taken three or four years.

A similar condition will exist in many business and commercial activities which have been curtailed or discontinued to make way for war requirements. Employment in these fields will be

Donald DOUGLAS

President, Douglas Aircraft Co.; pioneer plane builder; onetime Annapolis student and engineer graduate of MIT



THE man with an education has always had greater opportunities for advancement than the man who quit school to go to work.

In the postwar world this will be more true than ever before because the war has catapulted us into a technical age where almost every job can be better performed by the man who has a full background of schooling.

The returning serviceman who wishes to aim high in life should make every effort to complete his education along the lines indicated by his individual ambitions and needs. It is likely such men will be assisted by the govern-

David SARNOFF

President, Radio Corp. of America; rose from telegraph messenger boy in New York to head of huge corporation



EVERY man now in service is going to continue his education after the war, whether in a classroom, a factory, an office, or on a farm. And every man will learn ultimately that the greatest of all teachers is Experience, and the greatest of all universities is life itself.

However, I presume the question I am asked means, "Should I return to school or college?"

And my answer is, "It depends on you."

For some men: School or college by all means! And for others: Get yourself a paying job as quickly as you can!

The real problem is not whether education should be "completed" but rather how best to continue it. No matter which choice is made the process will be one of self-education. There is no mysterious power that will enable high school or college to educate a young man or woman who won't be educated. The old adage that a student gets out of his work just about what he puts into it is as true as ever. Formal education can be a short-cut to success. For some, it is like taking a fast train rather than walking.

But it does not hold that a young man go either to high school or college to acquire a good education. Many men who never enjoyed the advantages of a formal education have become leaders of industry, of the professions, of science and government.

resumed at the same or higher levels than those which existed prior to the war. This will provide many opportunities for men who have the training and ambition to succeed.

Industry's post-war educational requirements will not be greatly different from those which were required before the war. We will still need engineers who have a thorough working knowledge of the basic sciences, mechanical design, English and the art of cooperating with other people. There will no doubt be a normal and perhaps greater demand for lawyers, doctors, dentists, etc.

The young man who has training and experience to fit him for business, industry or a profession will find just as good or better opportunities than existed before the war. Many men who entered military service direct from high school or before finishing college will have the opportunity of resuming their education. These men will furnish the graduates from which industry and business will recruit its new talent in the immediate postwar period. The added maturity and experience of these men will help them to compete with younger men in finding employment opportunities after graduation.

Exactly as he would have done in normal times, the young man who is now in the service should analyze his interests, abilities and aptitudes to find the kind of postwar job which offers him the best opportunity to progress in his chosen field. He will find a sympathetic attitude on the part of both the educational institutions and industry in helping him to locate the postwar job which best fits his requirements.

If he is willing to start in the kind of job for which he is fitted, and has good health, dependability, a cooperative attitude toward his associates, and a willingness to work, he should be able to write his own ticket to the future.

ment which represents a grateful nation and realizes the debt we owe those young citizens who not only risked their lives in their country's cause, but were willing to jeopardize their plans for the future.

The break from school and college occasioned by war service may leave many young men with no desire or opportunity to return to their studies. But this regrettable fact can be balanced by opening opportunities for schooling to the many thousands, who before the war were deprived by circumstances from realizing their ambitions for a full education.

No one can foresee all the developments in the postwar period. The surge for peacetime jobs will be strong and universal. It can be either irresistible or planned and controlled, depending on how much thought and planning the government devotes to it.

Education will play an important part in this reconversion to a peacetime economy and in the continued progress of our way of life.

They came up the hard way, but they were men who never stopped learning.

Our institutions of learning offer major advantages which the man who educates himself will find it difficult to obtain. A great advantage is the opportunity to use the marvelous facilities offered by modern schools. Their libraries, laboratories, and classrooms are excellent tools of learning.

Second, there is the advantage of contact with the men and women who teach. Often the manner of approaching knowledge and the method of thinking that the good teacher imparts are as important as the actual subject matter of the lecture.

Third, but not least, is the advantage of the concentration that a full-time student can apply to his work. Learning becomes a full-time job without interruptions and distractions.

Modern business, science, and industry are more and more demanding specialized training. In my own field of radio and electronics there are now few positions that do not require some kind of specialized skill.

Making a living is certainly a critically important aspect of a man's life. But at least equally important is the degree of enjoyment he gets out of living. And here the well-educated man again has an advantage, through having had access to cultural resources that enrich life and improve the value of leisure time.

A man can get all these things for himself. It is easier if he can make good use of school and college. But no matter which path he may choose, every man owes it to himself to acquire as full an education as possible. Education is a highway that leads to both economic opportunity and enjoyment of life.

Answers from Six Prominent Americans to a Marine's Question

Clarence A. DYKSTRA:

President, University of Wisconsin; former city manager of Cincinnati and director, Selective Service System



THE question which is posed here is an "either-or" proposal. I do not believe it can be answered categorically. Some men, for what seem to be good reasons, will want to get profitable employment immediately. Others will wish to resume professional or technical training or even take the time for a general education. Undoubtedly the Government will make this latter program possible.

It is my conviction that every American who can profit by advanced education should undertake such a program, both for his personal satisfaction and development and for the good of our common country. To me the question is not one of education or a job, but the getting of both.

In a country where education is possible for anyone who is willing to make the sacrifice to get it, we should encourage the idea that we need well educated citizens and highly trained men and women for the technical services. Our level of education is constantly rising and democracy requires that this be so. This is a condition precedent to survival. Popular government requires participation on a wide scale. For the nation, then, I would counsel the Marine to take advantage of every educational opportunity which is afforded.

Sidney HILLMAN:

President, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; was co-chief of defense program at beginning of war



ORGANIZED labor strongly urges the soldier, sailor or Marine to make every effort to complete his general and technical education upon his return from war. We believe that a grateful people and government must and will provide the necessary financial aid to help complete interrupted schooling.

The American labor movement, from whose ranks spring millions of soldiers, sailors and Marines, recognizes as its first obligation, in a postwar world, that every opportunity for full employment and advancement must be guaranteed to those men and women who defended our lives and our liberties at perilous risk to their own. We make no distinction between our boys who have gone to the wars and those holding down essential jobs.

The American Marine need have no fear on the question of seniority in American industry, should he take time out to equip himself with technical knowledge and skills. Certainly, in those American industries, where there are enlightened employer-employee relations under collective bargaining agreements, labor

will do everything to obtain adequate economic recognition for the returned fighting man, as soon as he is ready to take his place in industry.

But American labor is concerned with an over-all program to guarantee full employment and an economy of abundance. We are urging a conversion from wartime to peacetime production, when the time comes, that will insure against a drop in annual income, with its resultant unemployment.

We take the position that American genius and productivity can meet the legitimate needs of our peacetime population and help meet the needs of huge sections of war-ravaged Europe and Asia. Our postwar program opens up new vistas for economic growth, security and employment in which the returned soldier, sailor and Marine can contribute their energies and skills.

The postwar market, with its new needs, new inventions, new processes, undoubtedly will demand technical training of a high degree. The returned fighting man ought to get it where it is most quickly available, with government aid if necessary. There is no doubt but that the technical schools will be geared to supply that training.

Organized labor pledges that the fighting Marines, who have added Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Bougainville and other indelible pages to the history of American freedom, will find their rightful place in American peacetime economy.

Given approximately equal native ability and energy, the man with the better education usually will overtake and pass the man who is not so well educated, even though the former enters the competition several years later. There are many men of distinction who, for financial reasons, were unable to complete their formal education at what is usually considered the normal age. Wiley Rutledge, now an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, did not get his law degree until he was 28.

What about the young man who has not completed high school and who may not aspire, or be naturally equipped, to enter the highly trained professions? As a rule, I believe, the same factors still hold:

(1) The resumption of his formal education will help him to get a better job. (In many cases a year or so of vocational training may be the wisest investment of time.)

(2) Because of his age and experience he probably will get more out of his education than will many younger men.

(3) In ten years he probably will be better off than if he had gone directly from war service into a job.

Of course, there will be many exceptions. Some men with more than average energy and curiosity educate themselves as they go along. Some will be able to step into unusual job opportunities. Some already will have acquired, in private life or the armed services, enough education or vocational training to do extremely well in their particular lines.

Others will be deterred from going on with their education by family responsibilities or the desire to get married.

Ernest K. LINDLEY:

Washington correspondent of Newsweek; syndicated news columnist and radio commentator; Rhodes scholar



MY ANSWER, subject to certain qualifications, is that you should go ahead with your education. You'll pardon me, I hope, if I draw on personal experience and observation. I belong to the generation whose education was interrupted by the war of 1917-18. In my case, the interruption was very brief, but when I was discharged from the Army, I was bothered by the question posed above and was strongly tempted to take a job.

I was finally dissuaded by my parents, who, fortunately for me, were able to see me through to a college degree. Among the men I knew well at that period, some made one decision, some the other. Those who went on in school usually had better jobs a few years later than those who sought immediate employment.

On graduating in this country in 1920, I received a scholarship to Oxford. During my first two years there, approximately one-third of the undergraduates were veterans of the war. Many of them had served four years and were resuming or beginning their college educations, with government aid, at ages ranging from 20 up to 25. On the whole, they were very competent students because they were mature and made the most of their time. With possibly a few exceptions, they were further ahead ten years later than if they had not had, or taken, this opportunity.



They Made It- Could You?

SAVE YOUR LIFE BY LEARNING HOW TO SWIM COMBAT STYLE

SINK OR SWIM, live or drown. It's up to you when you get out in the action zone. Nothing may happen, but then again a transport might catch a torpedo and suddenly you'll find yourself taking a dip in the drink.

Dick Smith was always rated a pretty good speed swimmer back in his home town of Ottumwa, Iowa. He picked up a few medals in high school aquatic meets, specializing in the freestyle and backstroke and being a rather nice looking lad of six feet or better, he cut a fancy figure in the local swimming pools.

Then one day Smith enlisted in the Marines and discovered he had a complete new set of rules to learn about swimming. That is, swimming "military style".

He had to forget about speed swimming. He had to junk his crawl stroke and revamp his backstroke. He learned NEVER to break the surface of the water with his hands or arms because this attracts attention and demands added exertion, and he discovered how to swim in water filled with debris and oil.

He also learned valuable lessons in the proper methods of abandoning ship, in rescue work and handling a rubber lifeboat.

Smith learned that the breaststroke is better than the crawl for the new requirements. It burns up far less energy, and enables him to keep his chin out of water that might be littered with debris, oil and oil fumes, or mayhaps, fire.

He was taught to swim porpoise style, something of a variation of the breaststroke, timing his breathing in such a rhythm that he can take two strokes under water, come up under flaming oil and take

two more short ones, dive back under and then repeat the procedure. And in coming up, he knows how to keep his hands slightly crossed until they near the heated surface, and then flay his hands and arms fan-fashion to sweep the flames and oil out of his path.

He was taught a side stroke (never breaking water surface, of course), which enables him to get rid of a cramped leg or arm. He can, in this way, massage a cramped leg or shake the taut muscle of an arm.

Similarly, he knows how to propell himself backwards, virtually treading water. This keeps his head out of the water and allows him to keep an eye on possible falling bombs or shells. He knows how to keep his hands clasped toward the back of his head, fingers clamped at the base of the skull, to ward off shock. And more important, he knows that in this position he can lay back and let the muscles of his back take the shock. His back muscles are much stronger than his stomach muscles.

It is wise, he will tell you, to join a group of about five in the water, and to hang on to any piece of debris that might float by which would support him or a less able buddie.

Likewise, he can show you how to make your own set of lifesaving waterwings out

of a pair of dungarees. He can remove his pants in the water, tie knots in each cuff-line, and then whip the pants over his head, plunging the waistline into the water and filling the pant legs with air. It isn't hard to do, but it takes practice.

They told him never to abandon ship by jumping if there was a net or rope convenient to lower himself by, but if he had to jump, there was a correct way. In this, the man unlaces his shoes, and then just before leaping, he cups one hand over the groin, the other under his chin, and leaps, crossing his legs as soon as he starts down.

Here are a few DO'S and DONT'S:

DO

Abandon ship from bow or stern.

Make the life jacket as tight as possible to prevent slipping.

Avoid burning oil and stay clear of the ship.

Get into a group and try to stay together.

Learn as much about first aid as possible.

DON'T

Disrobe in water unless absolutely necessary.

Jump if there is any other way down.

Get excited.

Go over listing side of a ship.

Swim around the ship. Get clear of it.

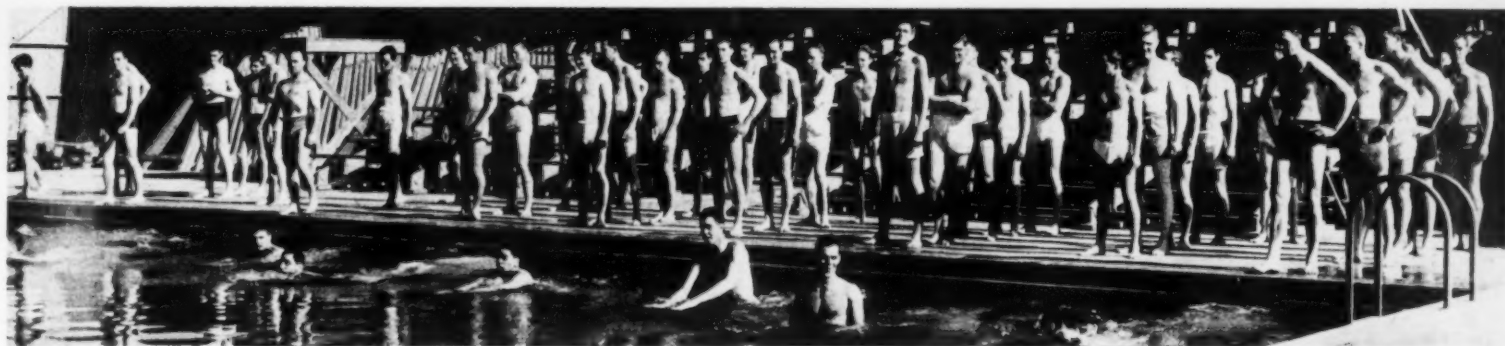




Theory must go hand-in-hand with practice, so here Marine Gunner Melvin K. Archer, in charge of combat swimming instruction at Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, gives the men a fifteen-minute lecture on the difference between the "swimmin' hole" variety and combat swimming

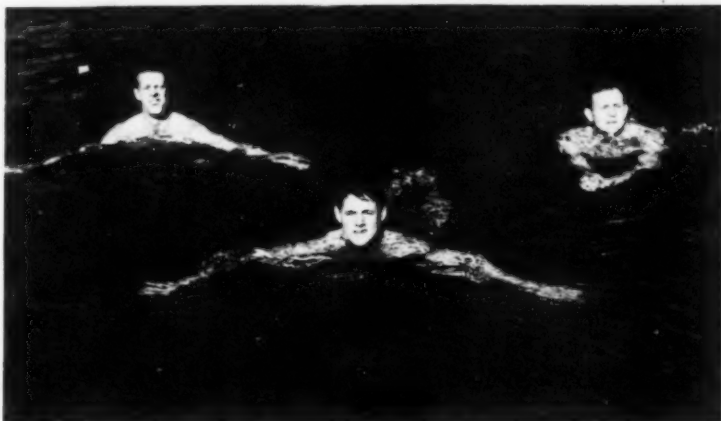


Marines who do not know how to swim are assigned to beginners' classes where they learn the basic principles of locomotion in water after jumping in waves into the four-foot end of the pool. When fear of the water disappears the swimmer gains confidence



Even in the water it's "by the numbers" when Marines learn to swim. The coach has a chant and cadence all his own which goes like this:

"Head high. Mouth out of water. Inhale. Exhale. Slow and easy. Pull hard. Relax. Pull hard. Relax." This is repeated over and over again



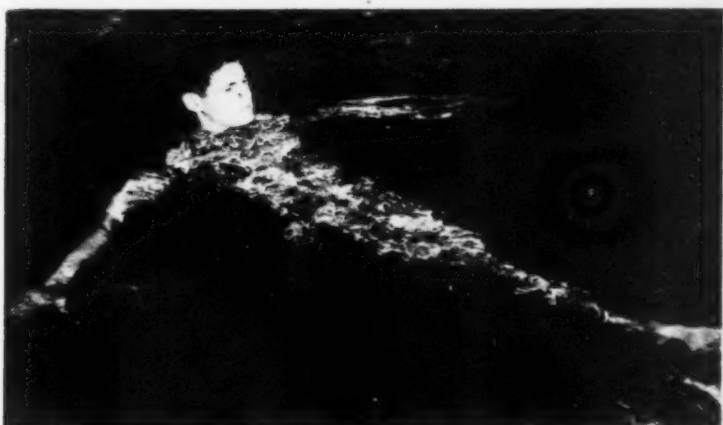
Because of many advantages breast stroke is emphasized in combat swimming. Controlled breathing helps gain mastery of this stroke



Sideview of the breast stroke which requires less energy, permits a person to keep head out of water and escape debris and oil slicks

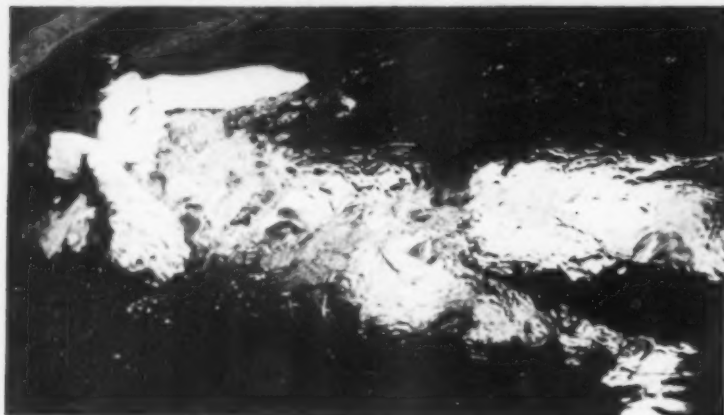


Side stroke enables swimmer to shake loose from leg or arm cramp. He uses free hand to massage leg, keeping other hand under water

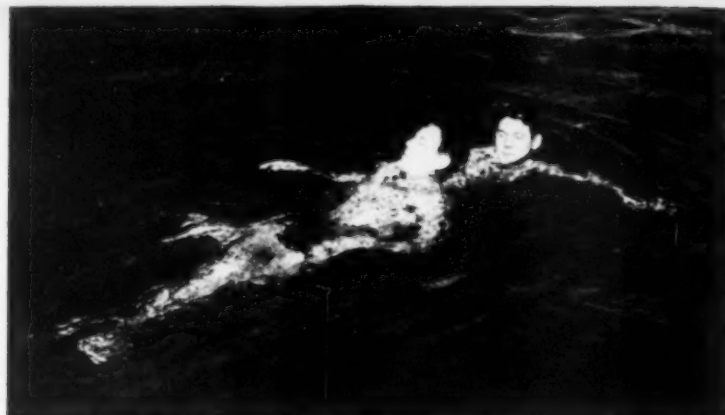


Back stroke permits swimmer to look around him when bombs or shells are falling into the water. This may sometime save his life

THEY MADE IT (continued)



When bomb hits water, the swimmer grasps his head at rear with both hands, clamping his fingers and thumbs at the base of skull to protect himself against shock. He also catches the force of detonation on his back where muscles are stronger than in stomach



The men are taught not only how to save their own lives in water, but also how to save the lives of their comrades. Victim is kept on his back while rescuer pulls him along, one arm circled over victim's shoulder and the other propelling both men with side stroke



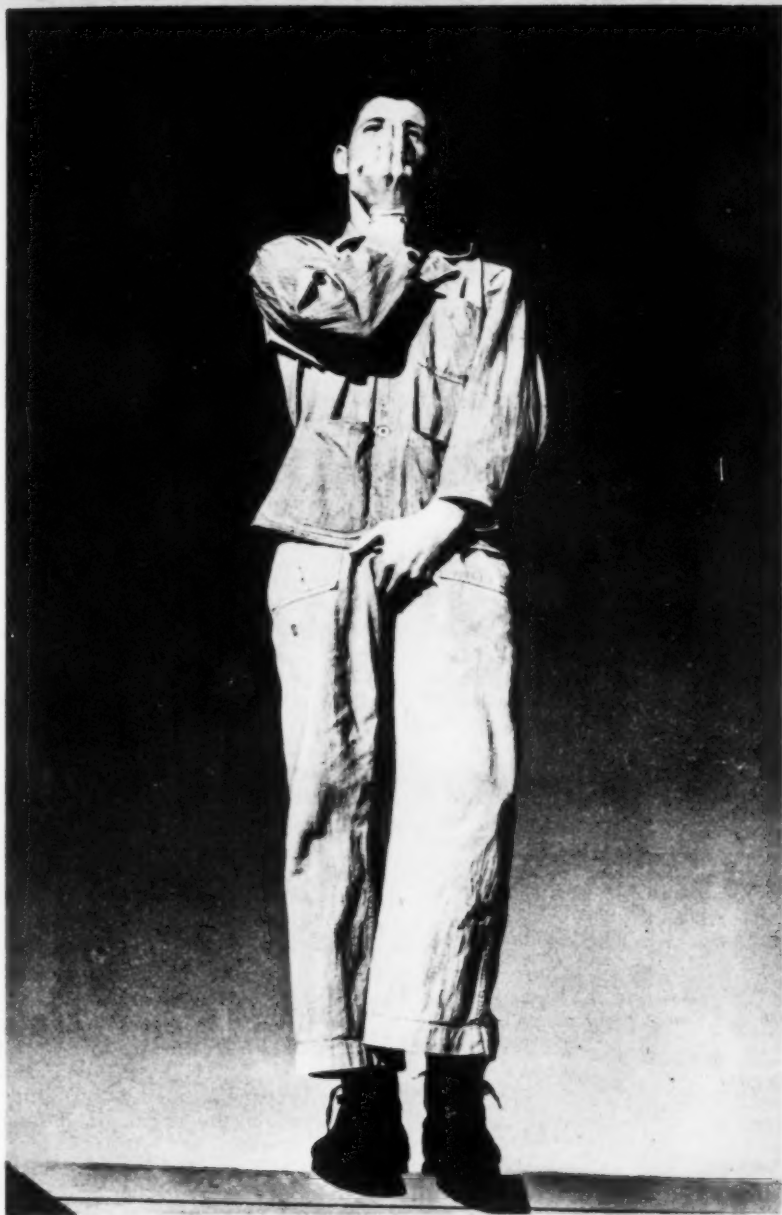
When abandoning ship, men are urged to use a line, if possible, in preference to jumping. Note foot twisted around line so the man can let himself down slowly instead of sliding without having control



When ships must be abandoned lines are not always available so sometimes it's necessary to jump. Practice begins from a low platform, then come the 15 and 20-foot decks. Each man must make all jumps correctly. Face and groin are covered for protection against shock and from contact with any debris



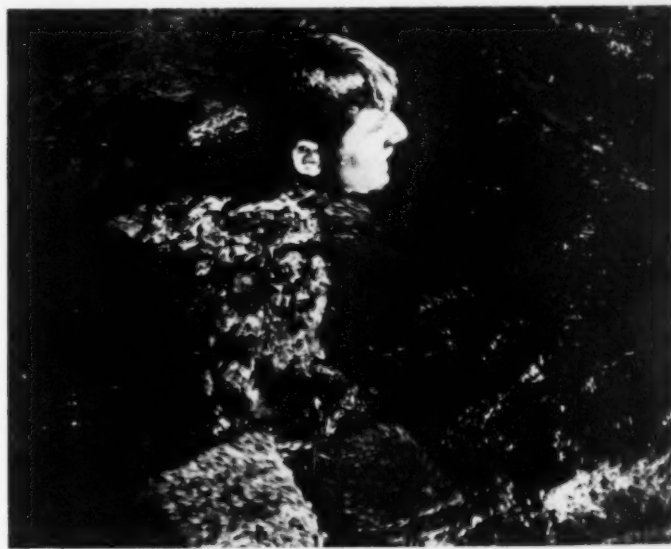
When a Marine must abandon ship he is taught to leave all his gear including the rifle and pack. "After all," he is told, "it is easier to replace lost gear than to replace a lost Marine." One's shoes should be unlaced for easy kick-off. Here Marine is shown about to divest himself of his rifle and other equipment



After all equipment has been taken off, the jumper assumes the correct position before leaping. One hand is cupped over the groin while the other is cupped under the chin. This affords protection from impact when hitting the water and also when dropping into floating debris



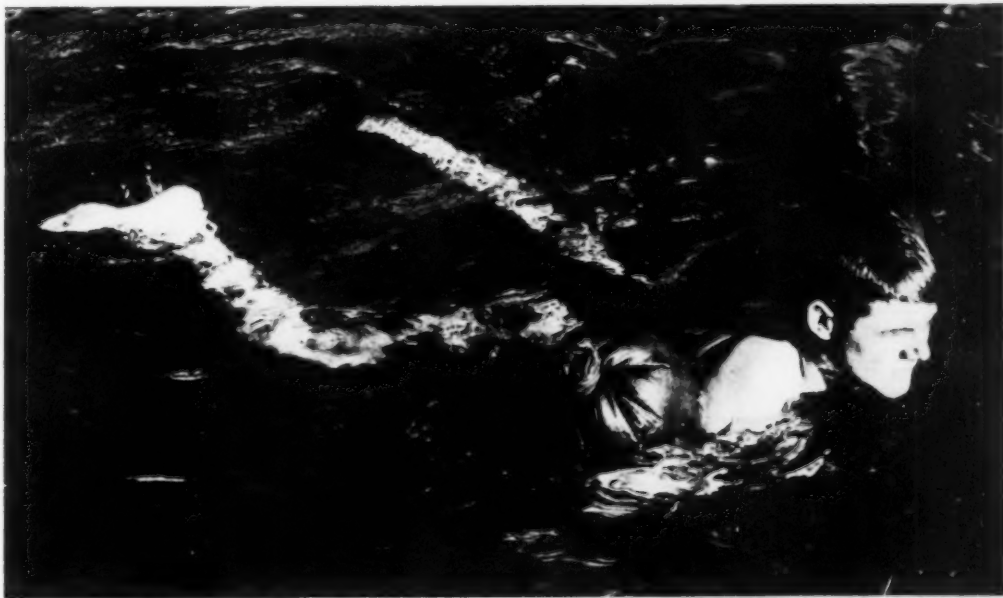
"God makes no distinction between privates and generals when it comes to drowning," so every sea-going Marine must learn how to abandon ship and swim for his life. And here he goes! Note clothing has been retained but shoes have been unlaced



While the swimmer is treading water he removes his trousers in preparation for making an ingenious pair of waterwings to help keep him afloat and preserve his strength when he grows tired. Note head is kept above water as trousers are removed



Trouser legs have been knotted at cuffline and, treading water, swimmer starts to snap trousers over his head. This takes practice because the trousers are heavy with water



Trousers come directly over the head of the swimmer, with the top of waist-opening flared to trap air. He brings open end directly into the water, submerging this part of the trousers as air fills the legs. Keeping the open end submerged, he carefully gets in between the legs and uses his dungarees as waterwings. Pails and mattress and pillow covers also have been used

The Fighting Belly Robbers

RELAX your grip on that fork, chowhound, and listen to the story of a dozen Marine cooks who served a dish of hot lead to the Japs.

They killed something like 125 Shambo snipers on Vangunu Island and at Baeroko Harbor in the northern Solomons. Other members of their battalion affectionately called them "those sharpshooting belly-robbers."

We got the story from one of the cooks, Corporal William Franklin "Bill" Lee of East Omaha, Neb., a burly blond Leatherneck of about 23, who is married and has two sons.

He accounted for 10 of the snipers, four

in headquarters company near the end of the formation, with the duty of killing all snipers left in the trees by the retreating Nips.

First contact with the enemy was made in a cultivated section near the bay called the Gardens, where natives had planted crops and some of the vegetation was waist high. There were also a lot of trees, and the Japs had plenty of cover as they attempted to hold up the Marine advance against the village.

Lee was moving through the Gardens when dust kicked up behind him from a sniper's bullet. He looked back and saw a slight movement in the top of a banyan

so they were plenty hungry. The Seabees had come in, and the 12 Gyrene cooks borrowed some food and utensils from the Navy. They fixed up a noble chow, the first "formal" meal the boys had enjoyed in almost a week. On the menu were hot canned corn, canned peas, dehydrated cabbage, dehydrated mashed potatoes, dehydrated carrots, Spam and a drink made of dehydrated lemons.

Ten days later, Vangunu being secured, the Marines returned to their base to be refitted for another expedition. Later in the month they were outbound again, and this time they landed at Enogai Inlet on New Georgia. Another force of Marines and soldiers had captured the inlet a few days before.

From Enogai, Bill Lee's bunch set out to capture Baeroko Harbor, supply port for Munda airfield. Advance information indicated there were only a few hundred Nips defending the harbor, but after Enogai fell the enemy called in all outposts and had more than a thousand men waiting when the Marines attacked.

Schuler, Overstreet and Butch Treter were singularly good at finding and shooting snipers in the rush on the harbor. But Egghead Ire continued to be the champ, with a score of between 15 and 20 for all of the action.

Corporal Lee got his tenth sniper during a Japanese mortar barrage, right in the middle of the assault. He saw a long rifle and a toothy stare in a tree only a few yards away and shot the Jap right in the face. The action was getting fierce by this time. For a while some of the cooks, including Lee, helped fire mortars, and some of them were with the machine gunners. Little Almeida cut down a bayonet-charging Nip with a machete.

Bill didn't see Baeroko fall. He hasn't run across any of the other sharpshooting belly-robbers since that bullet got him in the arm and he was ordered to the rear.

He and some of the other wounded were put in a PBY at Enogai to be flown to a hospital on an island to the south. As the big flying boat was preparing to take off, two Zeros came over the inlet and strafed her, wounding the pilot and several members of the crew. So the wounded men were put in Higgins boats and hidden in a slough off the inlet. They waited four days until more PBYs arrived.

Bill's arm got bad. Gangrene set in. When at last he reached a hospital there was nothing to do but amputate his arm.

He has refused a "survey," and when we saw him he was snapping in with a rifle, learning to fire it by resting it on what's left of his portside arm and gripping it very tightly with his right hand. He held it steady, too.

Bill was a good violinist, and critics had predicted a real future for him in music. But now he's learning to play all over again, using the remnant of his left arm to work the bow. He's not the kind of a Marine to let the loss of an arm stop him from doing the things he could do before that day on the coral ridge before Baeroko.

And of his pals, the other belly-robbers, he says:

"What a bunch! I would like to see all of those guys."

End



Bill got his tenth sniper when he shot a Jap out of a nearby tree

on Vangunu and six at Baeroko. He was looking for his eleventh when a .31 caliber bullet plowed into his upper left arm during the bloody Marine assault which took Baeroko. The corporal didn't think his wound was very serious at the time, but gangrene set in a few days later and his arm had to be amputated an inch above the elbow.

Bill joined a Raider battalion right after he finished boot camp at Dago in the early fall of 1942. Months of training at Camp Pendleton followed, then his outfit was shipped overseas. There was a shortage of cooks in the battalion, so the chief cook asked for a volunteer. Then he looked at Bill and said, "You're the volunteer." And that was that.

By the time part of the battalion was leaving the big base at Guadalcanal to attack Jap-held Vangunu, Lee was a corporal and a good hand at whipping up a quick meal in the field.

Rough seas and high winds made the joint Marine-Army landings at Vangunu difficult. However, there was no opposition at first, and the Americans, in a big V-formation with Marines in the middle, marched toward the inland village where the Nip garrison was located.

Equipped with M-1 rifles and other standard equipment, the cooks were placed under command of the battalion's armorer, Gunnery Sergeant Red Johnson. They were

tree about 30 yards away. He fired, and a Jap tumbled out.

Sergeant Egghead Ire, one of Bill's best pals, was the next cook to get a sniper. He got his nickname when he was a boot cook and was baking something which took seven crates of eggs. Ire got mixed up, used salt when he should have used sugar and spoiled the whole thing. Ever since, in memory of seven crates of wasted eggs, he has been known as Egghead.

The other Jap-killing chefs were Staff Sergeant William (Boogow) Wright, Staff Sergeant Jerry E. Wilson, Sergeant Bill Smith, Sergeant Tom Dennis, Sergeant George Overstreet, Corporal Bill Richie, Sergeant Thomas (Pancho) Almeida, Sergeant Ray Schuler, Sergeant James C. Phillips and the battalion butcher, Sergeant Edwin M. (Butch) Treter, who wasn't in on all the action but performed well when he was around.

The Japs were scattering in all directions before the grim advance of the Marines. Some of the enemy, not intended as snipers, took to the trees, and the cooks had good hunting. There were few Marine casualties during the swift conquest of the island. None of the cooks was hurt, and they got a bag of more than 50 snipers. Egghead was high man with nine.

During the action the Marines lived on canned rations and not enough of those,

Unarmed Holy Joes Always Go Ashore In First Wave, Take GI Religion Wherever Marines Go

THEY made a strange pair, the chaplain and the giant Texan, both in camouflaged Raider dungarees and battle helmets, as they went calmly about their work under the heaviest Jap fire of the New Georgia campaign. The Texan carried a carbine to protect himself and the chaplain.

Husky, bronzed, looking as much a Raider as any of his men, the chaplain was Father Paul J. Redmond, whose name has become a Marine Corps legend because of his utter fearlessness in the face of danger. Constantly exposed to Shambo machine gun, rifle and mortar fire, he and his huge assistant crawled inside enemy lines, dragging wounded Raiders back for medical attention and burying the dead. For two days he and a burial party worked inside Jap-held territory, giving Christian burial to fallen Marines. When identification was difficult, Chaplain Redmond said both Catholic and Protestant rites. Always he placed a small American flag on each body.

He was the first Navy chaplain to go with the Raiders, an outfit which had been considered too tough and fast-moving for anyone other than

See the Chaplain



Marine Chaplain Francis W. Kelly, veteran of Guadalcanal, blesses grave of fallen Marine on hard-won Tarawa while his assistant, Corporal Daniel Getz, repeats the Prayers for the Dead

First chaplain to serve with Marine Raiders, Father Paul Redmond won the Legion of Merit

Marine Chaplain William H. McCorkle examines his battle hat, bullet-pierced at Bougainville



a fully trained young Marine. While he is twice the age of most of his men, he went through the rugged training and maneuvers with them. When his regiment was sent into combat, Chaplain Redmond chose to go with the first wave, saying:

"These are my boys. They will need me most out there. I'm going with them."

He meant what he said, and has been in the thick of the hottest Pacific action for more than a year. He was awarded the Legion of Merit for his bravery on New Georgia and was one of more than a dozen Navy chaplains taking part in the bloody Tarawa action.

After Tarawa was secure, Chaplain Redmond made a trip to Guadalcanal and returned with games, cigars, candy and other supplies to help keep the men's minds off the battle they had just won. Many had asked him for Testaments, and he brought a plentiful supply.

He is one of the more than 1800 Navy chaplains serving afloat and ashore with Bluejackets, Marines, Coast Guardsmen and Seabees. They go overseas with every Marine combat unit.

While it is usually Navy policy to shift chaplains frequently from one type of duty to another, those assigned to overseas Marine units are there to stay unless they are wounded or killed. This permanence of assignment has been found most suited to the unusual nature of Marine operations.

Navy chaplains serve aboard battleships, light and heavy cruisers, aircraft carriers, transports, hospital ships, seaplane, submarine and destroyer tenders and certain repair ships. Two are usually assigned to large carriers, new battleships and hospital ships. They go to all shore stations with more than 1000 men and to isolated units

CHAPLAINS (continued)



Chaplain George Kempker celebrates Mass for Marines in a foxhole chapel on Bougainville. The altar is made of logs and a tent roll



Student Chaplain Samuel J. Wylie, assigned to Marines, studies at Navy school for chaplains



Boot chaplains stand four-hour watches during training at historic William and Mary College

Chaplains learn how to go overside on a cargo net as part of physical conditioning at school



After a long day's march with his Marine regiment somewhere in the South Pacific, Chaplain Lonnie Meachum tries some horizontal drill

where services of a chaplain are not otherwise available.

But rules are one thing, war is another. Both war and religion are real enough in the South Pacific, but they are not always orthodox. GI Sunday may come on any day of the week, since chaplains can't be everywhere at once and Pearl Harbor proved it is not always wise to worship on a schedule known to the enemy. One Seabee chaplain reports from the road to Tokyo:

"My outfit is so split up that I am holding seventeen services a week over a rather large area on various islands. I think I have traveled on every means of locomotion known to man in recent months! On foot, native canoe, jeep, boat, plane—and on one island I have a horse."

Chaplain Robert J. Cronin used a tank for an ambulance in rescuing wounded Marines on Bougainville. When he came across five seriously wounded Leathernecks, desperately in need of hospital treatment, he found and commandeered a small tank. Since it would hold only four men, Chaplain Cronin and several other Marines rode on top to hold the fifth stretcher as the tank churned through the swamps.

A combat correspondent said he last saw Chaplain Cronin sitting on a log at a camp-site, wearing shorts and field shoes and brewing a can of coffee for a group of Marine privates.

Many chaplains, both Army and Navy, have been killed, wounded and captured in land, sea and air actions. More than twelve Navy chaplains have had to swim or drown when their ships were sunk. Two were killed at Pearl Harbor, five in South Pacific and Asiatic theaters, and five are prisoners of the Japs.

Leathernecks may greet others' troubles with a derisive "See the chaplain;" they may call their spiritual advisor "Holy Joe" and other names which lack ecclesiastical dignity, but their salty humor has little bite. It cloaks deep respect for these men who go into battle armed with nothing but abiding faith, knowing they must be the last to show fear.

Lieutenant General A. A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps, paid high tribute to the chaplains who served with him on Guadalcanal. On that roll of honor are such men as Chaplains Frederic P. Gehring, Matthew F. Keough, William Richard (Big Joe) O'Neill, Thomas Reardon, Warren Wyeth Willard, James J.

Fitzgerald, Francis Kelly and John A. Magyar. Chaplain Gehring, "brave under fire, cheerful in the face of discouragement and tireless in his devotion to duty," won the Legion of Merit and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for what he did on the 'Canal. He made three hazardous trips into enemy territory, aided by native scouts, to rescue trapped missionaries, and he "lifted the morale of our men to an exceptional degree."

It was a dark night when Chaplain Keough acted as guide for an Army infantry battalion on a forced march through rough country to reinforce Sector 3 during a heavy attack by numerically superior Jap forces. Despite intense enemy fire and other difficulties, the battalion under his guidance arrived in time to beat off repeated attacks and prevent a penetration of our lines.

Chaplains Kelly, Willard and O'Neill later accompanied their Marine units into the battle of Tarawa, and it is probable that other chaplains who served on Guadalcanal were also there. Chaplains have gone in with the first wave in almost every Marine amphibious operation.

Men stand on the bedrock of faith in battle, which can be a religious experience for those who see their comrades killed and come very near eternity themselves. Chaplain Lesley Wilder, somewhere in the South Pacific, found that for Americans in battle religion is "one of the basic necessities, like bread and air and sleep."

As one hardened jungle fighter told him, religion is "the only touch of home we have." And Chaplain Gehring wrote:

"If there is one single good thing about this terrible war, it is the realization of religion. One wouldn't think of looking for religion at the battlefield of today's war, but that is where we find it. Ask any chaplain; he'll tell you the boys are flocking to him for consolation, help and prayer-books; for a better understanding of what religion means."

Leathernecks on Guadalcanal were baptized in Lunga River, and Chaplain Willard supervised religious activities of four who were candidates for the ministry. Other chaplains have noted the unusual number of Marines who become ministers.

Chief of Chaplains Robert DuBois Workman was once a Marine sergeant. He served a four-year tour of duty abroad the Presidential yacht and in Cuba, declining a commission and receiving honorable discharge in 1909 to study for the Presbyterian

istry. He became a Navy chaplain in 1915 and has been director of the Chaplains Division, Bureau of Personnel, since 1937.

Reports which come into his office from all over the world tell a story of war which cannot be found elsewhere. He and his chaplains carry a weighty responsibility, not only to their country but to their church and the families of the men who come under their ministry, and the record shows they have not failed.

While the chaplain's value in the field must depend on himself and his own spiritual resources, the Navy must select men who can measure up to the job, show them how to apply their civilian training in Naval service and assign them where they will do the most good.

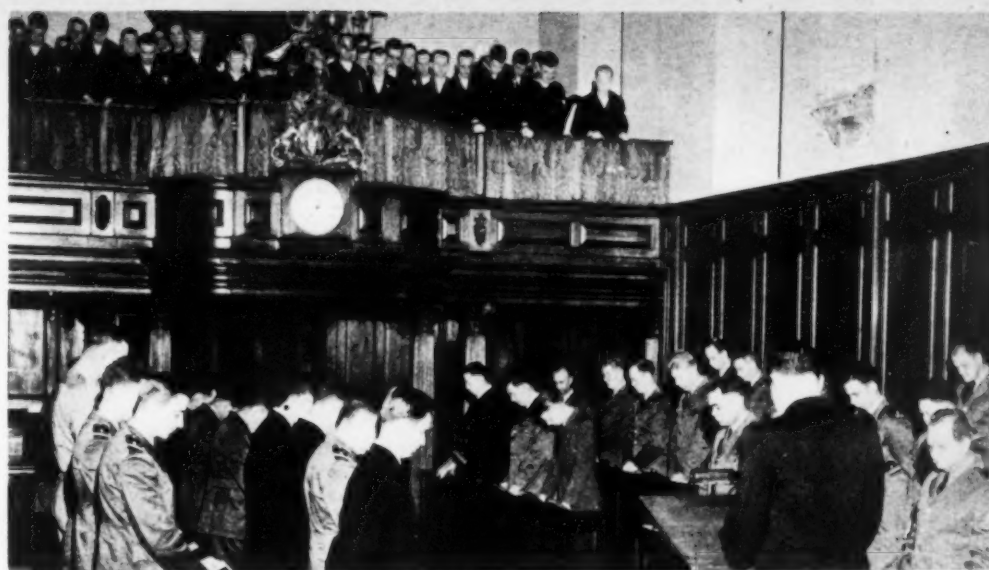
Requirements are strict and have never been relaxed for Navy chaplains, who come as volunteers from parish, synagogue and seminary and whose ranks are also being increased through the V-12 program. Applicants must have the equivalent of a college degree and three years of seminary training and must be ordained and endorsed by their own denominational authorities. They must meet the same physical standards required of all Navy officers.

They are commissioned either as lieutenants (j. g.) or lieutenants, according to age, but they exercise no prerogative of rank and are always addressed as "Chaplain." Highest Navy rank an active chaplain can hold is a captaincy.

More than 1600 chaplains have been indoctrinated at the Chaplains School, organized at Norfolk, Va., in February, 1942, and moved to the historic College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va., in March, 1943. One class of 30 chaplains was trained at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., when capacity of the school was exceeded.

At William and Mary, in colonial buildings flanking the College Green where General Washington reviewed his Continental Army before the siege of Yorktown and Colonel Patrick Henry drilled his regiment of Virginia riflemen, the boot chaplains are introduced to a rigorous schedule of academic, field and physical training. Those from parishes get six weeks of schooling and two weeks of field training at Navy, Marine and Coast Guard stations from Maryland to North Carolina, including Quantico, New River, Cherry Point and Edenton. Younger men just out of seminary get the same schooling with an extra month in the field.

Catholic, Protestant and Jew live and learn together under veteran Navy chaplains of all faiths, several of whom



Chapel services before breakfast are part of strenuous daily routine for all student chaplains in training school. Enlisted men in balcony are welfare specialists or chaplains' assistants

have had combat experience. One instructor is Chaplain Lloyd S. Hindman, recently returned from duty aboard a warship which saw much action in the South Pacific.

During bombardment of Kula Gulf he conducted services in which he invoked God's blessing on the mission. He chose his text from Ephesians 6:

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

After a brief prayer, he concluded: "You have attended unto the things of the spirit. Now attend to your guns. Keep your aim straight, your powder dry and your guns hot." The men were at General Quarters all during the service.

The chaplains learn Naval history, customs, lingo and discipline as well as their duties in wartime, which are primarily religious but also include such varied tasks as counseling the enlisted man in time of trouble, visiting sick bay and the brig, supervising libraries, editing or contributing to ship or station newspapers, supervising athletics, movies, parties, dances and sightseeing tours and cooperating with welfare organizations ashore in relief work for the men and their families.

Two hours a day they get PD (physical drill), which is a rugged business for men who have led comparatively inactive lives and whose ages range up to 45 years. Swimming is considered most important, and they learn how to abandon ship, how to go overside on a cargo net and how to swim under burning oil, grim reminders of what others before them have had to face.

They run an obstacle course, drill, march to chow, stand inspections and four-hour watches.

Trained in the same school are welfare specialists or chaplains' assistants, selected from enlisted personnel of Naval services and including Marines, Bluejackets, Coast Guardsmen and WAVES.

Chaplains assigned to the Marines get additional training with officer candidates at Quantico, and staff officers at Camp Pendleton, Calif., give chaplains there informal lectures on "combat religion."

Differences of creed are insignificant in battle, and each chaplain learns how to minister to men of other faiths.

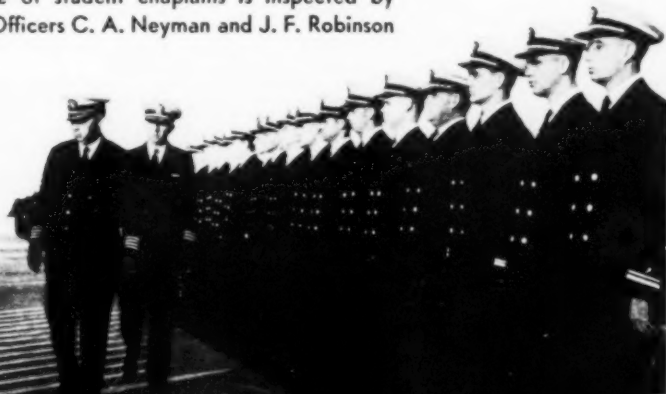
"I am not a priest," the non-Catholic chaplain, Protestant or Jew, says to the Catholic whom he must assist in performing his religious duties in a critical hour, "but I have talked to a Father, and he asked me to say that since he cannot possibly be here I should read for you this prayer called 'The Act of Contrition.' Will you repeat it with me? . . . The Father also asked me to give you this rosary, which he has blessed for you to keep, and to assure you that he grants you his blessing."

All Navy chaplains work together with a single aim, best expressed by the Navy Chaplain Corps motto:

"To bring men to God and God to men—in the Navy way."

End

Trim line of student chaplains is inspected by School Officers C. A. Neyman and J. F. Robinson



Assigned to the Marine Corps, these chaplains are shoving off for duty, their training over

The Senior Private



Uses his head

by TSgt. Frank X. Tolbert

L EFTY HUNT, the senior private of the entire Marine Corps, had been stationed at the Marine Base in San Diego for about two months when an order arrived from Headquarters which almost frightened the big fellow out of his wits.

Staff Sergeant Geist, who works in Sergeant Major Samson's office, explained it to Hunt:

"This order says that anyone in the Marine Corps who has served for six months without getting into trouble should, automatically, be promoted to private first class."

Hunt is pretty heavily tanned after 18 months of duty in the Pacific, but he turned white when Geist told him about the directive.

"Does that mean everybody? Let me see that there paper," said Hunt. He studied the order for a few minutes and then he mumbled: "My gosh, I haven't had no court for more than five months. I've got to do something fast."

Lefty has three hashmarks, and he is inordinately proud of the fact that he has never worn a stripe though his uniform is gay with three decks of ribbons, including the Navy Cross and the Silver Star. Hunt has been the senior private of the Marine Corps since Pearl Harbor and he is always fearful that he will lose the title.

The next morning after Hunt's conversation with Geist, the detachment had an inspection in greens with transport packs. Hunt fell out with his uniform looking as if it had been run through a wringer. And, just from one glance at his pack, you might have judged that he was smuggling grapefruit.

Lieutenant Goldman was inspecting us, and he seemed to be in a nasty mood. The lieutenant started by reading off Corporal Peepsight Ringwood for having his field scarf tied badly.

"Report to Sergeant Graf at 0930 today for schooling in tying the field scarf," said Lieutenant Goldman to Ringwood.

When the lieutenant came to Hunt, we were all very surprised. He said nothing about Hunt's crumby uniform, nor did he comment on the lumpy pack. Instead, Lieutenant Goldman focused his eyes on an odd-looking ribbon which Hunt wore on his chest. It was mostly white but with some little red and gold stars in the white field. The lieutenant turned his head to the left and said in a loud voice:

"You people have been told repeatedly what will happen to you for wearing unauthorized ribbons."

He paused, swiveled his head around so fast that you could hear his neck pop. He looked at Lefty, accusingly, and said:

"Hunt, what is this white ribbon you're sporting? Are you trying to look like a big hero?"

Lefty stood there very straight and respectful, but he took his time about answering.

"Sir," he said, finally, "that white ribbon is for the Grand Order of the Mauretian Republic."

"Don't joke, Hunt," said the lieutenant. "You'll find that there'll be nothing funny about this, at all, if that ribbon is not authorized."

Hunt thought of the order from headquarters requiring all Marines with six months of good service to become privates first class. And then he replied, happily:

"I guess, lootenant, that my white ribbon might just be a little bit unauthorized."

"Report to me," snapped Lieutenant Goldman, "for office hours at 1030 tomorrow." And then he went on to the next man.

After the formation, I stopped the lieutenant and said:

"Sir, I would run up Hunt for something else beside that white ribbon, if I were the lieutenant."

"Why?" said the lieutenant, giving me a hard stare.

"Because, sir," I answered, "Colonel Foree wears one just like it."

Lieutenant Colonel Foree is our executive officer and he has been in the Marine Corps for 27 years and was formerly a gunnery sergeant.

"There are only three ribbons in the Marine Corps like that white one of Lefty's. The others are worn by Colonel Foree and Survey the Mess Sergeant. Perhaps, the lieutenant would like to hear how Colonel

Foree and Survey and Hunt won the Grand Order of the Mauretian Republic. It won't take long and the lieutenant will learn a lot about Hunt's background."

"O. K., sir. Well, you may never have heard of Mauretia. It is a little island republic in the Caribbean, and some of us were stationed down there about 14 years ago. Hunt and I went through Boot Camp together, and we was sent to Mauretia straight from Parris Island. Survey was mess sergeant at this post and Colonel Foree was a master gunnery sergeant.

"Colonel Foree was a wild buck in those days. Anyway, it was kind of boring duty and some of us spent a lot of time sampling the native likker in the slop chutes.

"They had one drink down there called Ochasista. After three drinks of Ochasista you were a sissy if you didn't put up your hands and fight.

"Well, one night Gunny Sergeant Foree and Survey the Mess Sergeant was at one of these native slop chutes and they had drunk about a dozen shots of Ochasista. They were looking for a fight, I guess. Anyway, there were some good-looking fi-fis dancing with some German planters. And Gunny Foree and Survey got out on the dance floor and started cutting in.

"Before you can say Ochasista, one of the planters whistles and six or eight tough-looking characters appears from the back room. And the Gunny and the Mess Sergeant find they have more trouble on their hands than they can handle since some

Lefty grabs his fizz bottle and sprays the citizens with the stuff



of the characters from the back room have knives in their fists.

"You can imagine how relieved the two Gyrenes are when Private Hunt arrives on the scene. For a while, though, it doesn't look as if Lefty is going to help them. He walks over to a table and picks up a bottle of Ochasista. Then he unscrews the top of a large fizz bottle and he pours the Ochasista into the fizz bottle. Then Hunt goes into action. He sprays Ochasista into the eyes of the characters from the back room and the planters. And the battle is over in a hurry. One shot of that Ochasista in the eyes is enough to blind you for hours.

"Gunny Foree and Survey and Hunt leave there, arm in arm, and head for the Marine Barracks, with Lefty still carrying the big fizz bottle as a sort of souvenir of the fight, I guess.

"Now the effect of this Ochasista wears off fast, usually leaving you with a skull-busting headache. Gunny Foree and Survey really have headaches by this time. Survey told me last Summer on Gawgi Island, when we were sampling some captured Jap beer, that his head still throbs every time he even thinks of Ochasista.

"Lefty suggests that the other two should go over to the plaza where there is a big pool and fountain. 'Washing your heads in cool water might help considerable,' says Lefty. So they turn in at the plaza.

"When they arrived, the plaza was very crowded with angry-looking citizens. They are all yelling and looking over toward the president's palace, which is across the street from the plaza. The Marines don't pay any attention to all this excitement. Lefty is a great admirer of both Gunny Foree and Survey the Mess Sergeant. So he bellows: 'Gangway!' and 'Break it up!' at the crowd as he pushes a path through the throng so that the other two can get to the pool and bathe their aching heads.

"Gunny Foree and Survey no more start bathing their heads than the crowd begins to make more racket than ever. There is a little fat guy in a fancy uniform, nearby, and he stands up on a bench by the pool and starts making a loud-mouthed speech. Hunt comes up to the fat man and holds the fizz bottle behind his back, and says po-

lately: 'Mac, will you please knock it off. My friends, here, have very bad headaches from drinking Ochasista and they needs lots of quiet'.

"Well, the little fat man pauses in his speech and spits right in Lefty's face. Hunt laid the fizz bottle, carefully, on the bench, grabbed the fat man fore and aft and pitched him into the pool.

"When Lefty does this, a lot of the angry-looking citizens come charging at him and they are waving bolos and knives. Lefty grabs his fizz bottle and every time one of the citizens comes near he sprays the wicked stuff. And Gunny Foree and Survey forgot about their headaches and started pitching the citizens into the pool as fast as Lefty would spray the Ochasista into their eyes.

"Pretty soon the pool is full of guys who howl and rub their eyes and thrash around in the water. And the rest of the angry citizens have moved out of range of Lefty's fizz bottle. Perhaps, it is a good thing that the regiment of cavalry, which is the Mauretian army, rides up about this time. For some of the citizens are mad enough to start taking some shots at Lefty.

"A tall, gray-haired old guy appears on the gallery of the president's palace and walks across the street to the plaza. He's headed right for Hunt, and Lefty raises up his fizz bottle. But the old gentleman calls, in very good English: 'I am President Bustamente, son. Please put down your lethal weapon. You were truly magnificent. I saw it all from the gallery.'

"By this time, the Mauretian army is herding the angry citizens out of the plaza and in the direction of jail. And President Bustamente explains things to the three Marines. It seems that a bunch of disloyal Mauretians, led by the little fat guy, have been planning to seize the government for some time. This little fat guy is financed by the German planters. They waited until the army was off on patrol. And they were just about to rush the palace, kill President Bustamente and seize the government when the Marines walked into the plaza.

"President Bustamente took the Marines inside the palace and he gave Gunny Foree and Survey some of his headache remedy which was especially prepared for use after drinking Ochasista. Then he insists that the boys stay for dinner. And, about a week later, at a big ceremony, the president presents them with the Grand Order of the Mauretian Republic and makes all three of them generals in the Mauretian Army. This last is not too much of an honor since Mauretia has more generals than bartenders.

"Anyway, Lieutenant Goldman, I would suggest that you not run up Lefty about any of his ribbons. They're all authorized. However, I noted some discrepancies in his uniform this morning and his pack looks like it was rolled by a police dog. You might call these things to his attention, sir, when he has office hours tomorrow morning."

However, Hunt did not have office hours the next morning with Lieutenant Goldman. That afternoon Lefty was led off to the brig after he hit a third class bos'un's mate in the P. X. Sergeant Major Samson was a witness to Lefty's assault on the bos'un.

"This Marine Corps isn't nothing like it used to be," commented Hunt, as he was led away. "In the old days you didn't have to use your brain to stay a private."

End

THE FLAG



THIS is the story of an American flag and of the six Marines who owned it. It's only a small flag, maybe 12 inches long and six inches wide, much like those which children wave at street parades.

Sergeant George W. Waters wrote home to his sister in Greensboro, N. C., for the flag before his outfit left the country for overseas. Waters and the other five in his rifle squad had never been in combat and they wanted the flag to set up on the first Jap machine gun nest they wiped out.

During all the months of overseas training, Sergeant Waters carried the flag, setting it up outside his tent wherever they bivouacked.

It wasn't until the Bougainville campaign was well along that they got their first chance. Waters' squad was selected to make a reconnaissance patrol of enemy territory on Hill 1000, later to become known as Hellzapoppin Ridge. They were to feel out enemy opposition preliminary to an advance by their company.

Waters, as squad leader, was in front with his men deployed about him. A little to the rear and his right was Private First Class Howard Price, a 19-year-old from Youngstown, Ohio. Young Price was especially anxious for his crack at the Japs; his brother, Richard, was killed on New Guinea the day after Christmas, 1942.

Suddenly Waters spotted a Jap sniper. He killed him with one shot, but that shot brought on a storm of enemy machine gun fire which killed Price instantly and wounded Waters in the thigh.

The other four—Privates First Class George A. Lucas, 23, of Louisville, Ky.; William Keller, 22, of Newark, N. J.; Privates Thomas S. Porter, 24, of Spokane, Wash., and Charles H. Zimmerman, 21, of Bridgeport, Conn., started forward, but Waters waved them back. He knew that both he and Price lay in a fire lane, that for the others to approach would be suicide.

They were not to be denied. One of them dodged back to the main lines, obtained a rope and returned. There, Keller fashioned a loop which he tossed to Waters who put it under his arms so he could be hauled through the underbrush to safety. Price's body remained too far out to reach and they were forced to leave him behind.

On the way back to a first aid station, Waters reached into his blouse for their treasured flag. He handed it to Keller with the parting remark:

"Don't forget. Put it on the emplacement."

* * * * *

Waters has since been evacuated to another island and doesn't know that his boys have broken faith with him. The hill and all its positions have been taken, but their flag flies from none of them.

There is a simple wooden cross which marks the spot where Price fell. "May his soul rest in peace" reads the inscription on the cross. And Old Glory proudly stands guard beside the cross.

SGT. PETER FAVONE, JR.,
USMC Combat Correspondent.



Meet your
Marine Corps



the talent Probers

The classification man works with tests, scores, movies, personal interviews and needles, all part of a science few Leathernecks pretend to understand, but when he gets through he'll tell you what military job you'll fit into and just how well you'll do it

"SEND ten cooks to Marine Barracks, Quantico, at once."

The first sergeant scratched his head and swore as he read the order. He had enough to do without checking all the record books to find ten bellyrobbers. Under the "grab and yank" system of assigning Marines then in vogue, the first ten men past that first sergeant's door were likely prospects for Quantico's galleys.

Establishment of the Marine Corps Classification Division under Personnel on December 3, 1942, changed that haphazard system, which usually worked well enough in the old, smaller Corps, where every man's ability was known.

You can still find square pegs in round holes, but classification has proved its

value and is here to stay. Not only that, but it is growing and performing an increasingly important task that extends into the battle lines.

Besides assigning recruits and training school graduates to their jobs, Classification is training its own field men, who are sent directly into Fleet Marine Force and Aviation units. These men become part of the permanent personnel of their regiments or squadrons and go into the combat areas to handle replacements for battle casualties.

For the first year of the war, the Marine Corps was without a classification system. But continued expansion brought demand for skills, and the fact that fifty per cent of men sent to training schools were being

busted out showed need of a way to sort men according to their civilian work experience, natural abilities and their own preference in military service.

The Army already had such a system and had been using it successfully. So forty enlisted Marines were selected and sent to the Army adjutant general's office for training. From that beginning the first Marine Corps Classification Section was set up at Parris Island.

Another section was soon established at San Diego. Mobile units were trained at both bases and sent into the field to classify all Marines they could reach.

The Parris Island section now has a permanent personnel of about thirty officers and men, including instructors. In addition to classifying recruits, officer candidates and unclassified men returning from combat, it trains some thirty officers, enlisted men and women each month. San Diego operates on about the same scale, but trains only enlisted personnel.

Procedure in classifying the new recruit is highly standardized, as it must be to handle so many men in so short a time. First the boot hears a lecture on the im-



Shorn boots at Parris Island get their first chance to show what they can do in the Marine Corps as they work out on the general classification test



These Marine veterans, most of them just returned from combat, take same tests as boots when they're classified for first time

Classification test papers are scored mostly by machine. Other workers are checking scores, entering them on qualification cards, platoon rosters



After the recruit sees a movie on Marine jobs, he is interviewed by Classification, given a chance to say what he would like to do

portance and procedure of Classification. Then he takes three basic tests—general classification, radio operator aptitude and mechanical aptitude.

The classification test shows the Marine's general ability to learn new duties. "Non-language" tests, involving a minimum of language in their directions and contents, are given illiterates and those who read English with difficulty.

Aptitude tests predict the extent to which the Marine is likely to profit from instruction in a specific or general field of activity and whether he will be able to perform satisfactorily in that field.

Trade tests are given in many instances to check the Marine's claim of experience. These oral or performance tests measure knowledge of a trade or actual ability to perform some of the tasks involved.

In the system of standard scores used by the Marine Corps, 100 always represents average performance. Scores below 100 are always below average and vice versa.

According to his score, each Marine is placed in one of five broad categories, with those scoring 130 and above in Grade 1, or very rapid learners; 110 to 129, Grade 2,

or rapid learners; 90 to 109, Grade 3, or average learners; 60 to 89, Grade 4, slow learners; 59 and below, Grade 5, very slow learners.

The Marine Corps uses Army tests which conform to high standards of validity and reliability and have proven they can predict how successful any Marine will be in a specific training course.

After taking the three basic tests, the recruit sees a movie on the different types of jobs he might do in the Marine Corps. Then he is interviewed and asked to specify his choice of duty. If his choice is consistent with his training and ability and the needs of the Marine Corps, he stands a good chance of getting it.

During the interview the Marine's qualification card is filled out. The original will accompany him wherever he goes. A copy is sent to Headquarters, where the information is transcribed on a separate tabulating card in the Machine Records Section. These tabulating cards are used for surveys of manpower and skills and will be used in rehabilitation. They are kept current through change sheets. Each Marine has a

specification number which shows the task he is trained to perform. Pertinent information about him is translated into numerical holes around the edge of his qualification card, and these holes are marked to be punched.

By this punching and filing system, it becomes simple to locate men for any of the 2000 different military jobs in the Marine Corps. Needles are thrust into the holes to bring out cards of men with particular skills.

Aim of Classification is to "find the right man for the right job and make him contented in his job." On the whole, that aim is being accomplished, with training school mortality cut from fifty to two per cent. But a Marine's classification is never certain until he has completed training satisfactorily or performed his job to the satisfaction of his commanding officer.

Classification's job, however, isn't half finished. It has been assigned the tremendous task of replacing Marine veterans in civilian life when they are mustered out. If the system works in reverse order, Classification will be satisfied. (turn page)

TALENT PROBERS (continued)



Every Marine's qualification card is coded and punched according to what interviews and tests show about his experience, abilities

Officers, enlisted men and women training at PI for field work attend classes, get experience in classification of boots there



Classification man training at Parris Island for field work, probably with a combat unit, is shown how to "needle" cards with field classification kit

Not long before a platoon ships out, cards of recruits are checked over and sorted for assignments to training or whatever their next duty may be



It's a big day for this platoon of recruits as they learn what assignments they drew and where Classification has decided they will best fit into a growing Marine Corps

End

How we captured Cape Torokina

by Sgt. Frank Devine

USMC Combat Correspondent.



CAPE TOROKINA is an insignificant little bump of land, 300 yards long, 200 yards wide, on Bougainville. Its storming and capture on November 1, 1943, by a battalion of United States Marines was among the finest single military operations of the war against Japan; a triumph of courage and determination. Of the 270 Japanese who manned 25 pillboxes some 50 machine guns and a 75-mm beach gun, 202 were killed on the cape. The other 68, including the captain in command, either escaped into the jungle or dragged themselves away to die in solitude.

From a military standpoint, Cape Torokina seemed invulnerable. Its pillboxes and machine guns covered every avenue of approach; it was well supplied. Determined men should have been able to hold it indefinitely.

In the first phase of the fighting the opposing forces were almost equal—only three companies of Marines landed on the cape itself. Of course the three companies were not alone. Marines were landing all along the beach to the west, but they were too far away to save the situation had the companies been mowed down by the first Jap fire.

The Nips knew what was coming. The invasion fleet had appeared in Empress Augusta Bay as dawn was pinking the sky behind the high hills of Bougainville. Beginning at four minutes after six, escorting destroyers had thrown several hundred five-inch shells toward the shore. Morally, this may have been bad for the Japs; materially, it achieved little. One pillbox was hit but not knocked out.

At a quarter to seven the assault wave had gone to the landing nets. While they waited they could see and hear the shore being heavily dive-bombed and strafed. Resistance was expected on Cape Torokina and the men going there wore camouflaged dungarees and their faces were painted with green dye.

It was the first time for all of them. Maybe they were nervous. You couldn't tell. They were just boys, 19 and 20, who had left pleasant homes back in the eastern part of the United States to train for a year in the jungle for this moment and they weren't going to show what they were feeling inside. When the order, "Over the side", came they threw a leg over the rail and silently clambered down the cargo

"... after 1030 there wasn't much action on the cape itself. Most of the Japs were dead or dying ..."

nets into the waiting landing boats, pitching in the swell beside the transports.

On the way to shore no one spoke but officers—"Stay down"; "Run for cover"; "Stay together"; "Remember what I told you."

The landing plan was detailed and definite. One company was to land about midway up the cape; another company was to land at the base of the cape, cut inland through the jungle and drive up the cape from below; a third company was to land at the base of the cape and move up.

The boats passed safely by Puruata Island, where the Japs were dug in in some strength, and approached a silent shore. As they ground onto the beach at just 0730 the Japs let go. A concealed 75-mm gun sent shells screaming over the boats. Machine guns barked along the cape. The Marines crouched and ran for the bush—15 feet across the black sands. The fight was on and for three hours the guns were not to be silent, not until the 25 pillboxes were silent for good.

As the second and third waves approached the shore—all within a matter of seven minutes—the 75 got the range and scored direct hits on three boats. Only six men got out of one boat, and without weapons. Then, before the landing became disaster, the 75 became still.

It was silenced by a brave man who died to do it, Sergeant Robert Owens of Spartanburg, S. C. Owens took three men and charged the gun emplacement standing up. A grenade killed him instantly but the Jap gun crew was driven out a rear door and

shot down. A shell that might have meant death for a boatload of Marines was in the barrel.

There was confusion on the beach at first. The landing boat coxswains had put one company ashore 150 yards from the designated spot. The men were crouched in the tall underbrush just off the beach, disorganized and leaderless, when Major Leonard Mason, the battalion commander, came ashore. Noticing a serious gap in the Marine line and a group of men crouched in the bushes apparently unwilling to move, he raged up and down behind them until he had convinced them that the firing directly ahead was their own. Major Mason's gallantry cost him dear. The Japs in the pillboxes, hearing above the din the sound of his voice giving orders, turned a machine gun on him. He was badly wounded in both legs. Then, while he lay helpless, grenade fragments struck him in the chest. His wife's picture kept a piece of shrapnel from his heart.

Medical corpsmen who reached him wanted to evacuate him to a transport immediately. He refused. Afterward he said it was because he thought the landing was in danger of becoming a disaster and he didn't want to be the only one to get away.

By 0800 Marines were scattered throughout the cape in the high grass around the pillboxes, pinned down by Japanese machine gun fire and the bullets of snipers in the coconut trees overhead. The pillboxes were constructed in groups and connected by shallow trenches. Riflemen in the trenches protected the machine guns within. The pillboxes themselves were tough and bullet resistant, made of what is known in the tropics as "ironwood", and manned by anywhere from 12 to 20 men, who had to be eliminated individually.

The battle can well be told in the story of one company, under the command of Captain Clifford Quilici a dark, soft-spoken young man who, in quieter times, ran a grocery store and meat market in Reno, Nev. This company didn't do all the work, but it did its share under ad-



"Cape Torokina is an insignificant little bump of land, 300 yards long and 200 yards wide, on Bougainville. From a military standpoint, it seemed invulnerable"

verse conditions and if it hadn't been there the cape would not have been taken.

The company landed with 160 men and ended the day with 126; seven were killed and 27 wounded.

The landing was in the wrong place and the ramp of one landing boat stuck and had to be battered down with rifle butts while the Japs poured in machine gun bullets. But all 160 got ashore unharmed and flopped in the bush at the base of the cape, close to the Jap 75. It was from there that Sergeant Owens saw the ruin the shells were causing and made the decision that cost him his life.

First Lieutenant Lavon Crain of Franklinton, La., commander of the first platoon, got his men together and started up the cape, the men half crawling, half walking. They ran up against three pillboxes and had to stop.

First Lieutenant Young Broussard of Abbeville, La., brought his second platoon up along side Crain's. They too were stopped by the pillboxes.

The third platoon, under First Lieutenant Jules Rouse of Los Angeles, swung farther inland and up. It was stopped by a concentration of 10 pillboxes.

For the next two hours it was bitter battle by little groups under a sizzling equatorial sun.

In the din of guns and grenades a Marine would crawl through the grass and hurl a grenade into a pillbox. Maybe he'd crawl back safely or maybe a Jap grenade would get him and he'd lie out there to die, maybe be shot again and again. Or a Marine with an automatic rifle would creep behind a coconut tree and loose it on the riflemen in the pillbox trench. Maybe he'd get back. Maybe a sniper would see him and he wouldn't.

In that slow and painful way they got the three pillboxes. It was the war of little men. In the hell of fire each private made his own decisions. He was his own general and his decisions meant whether he'd live or die.

Rouse's men had somewhat better hunting at the start, particularly Platoon Sergeant William Wilson, a bull-necked boy from Drew, Miss. Wilson and a private surprised 15 Japs scampering from a trench to the safety of a pillbox. They killed every one.

A few minutes later Wilson trapped a Jap outside a pillbox and fired. But his rifle jammed. Versatile, he threw it away and leaped on the back of the then fleeing Jap, slashing at his throat with a knife. The

Jap fell dead after 15 feet. Shot through the chest a little later, Wilson killed a sniper on his way back for first aid, had his wound bandaged, and returned to action.

Rouse's men had more than they could handle in the 10 pillboxes, however, and were just about holding their own, when the company of Captain Frank Vogel arrived on the scene.

They had driven all the way across the cape, knocking off pillboxes as they went.

Vogel, known to all ranks as Shorty, sent his men in behind the pillboxes pinning Rouse's platoon. The rear was the blind side for the Japs. They had hewn firing slits in the front and both sides of the bunkers but neglected the rear. Marines in some cases were able to crawl up the sides of the pillboxes, poke a hole in the sand roof and drop grenades through.

Vogel's appearance seemed to bring the turn in the tide. Officers and privates all knew what did it. "Shorty saved us." And it was Vogel's company that had been hardest hit by the 75. All three of the boats that were hit were full of his men.

After 1030 there wasn't much action on the cape itself. Most of the Japs were dead or dying. Six pillboxes still held out in the jungle at the lower end of the cape and it took all afternoon and quantities of TNT and 75-mm shells to blast them to pieces.

The cape was a scene of death and desolation—scarred trees, battered pillboxes, Japanese equipment strewn everywhere and little Jap bodies with their neat wrap-around leggings. And there were dead Marines.

The Marines had come just in time.

The 270 Japs had been guarding the cape only a short time and the pillboxes were entirely new. The Japanese command had suspected that a landing might be made in the Empress Augusta Bay region and probably planned to send even stronger forces there. Long shallow trenches had been dug along the beach but were largely unoccupied when the Marines landed. Their delay had been fatal. Had the trenches held a regiment, with a full complement of machine guns, a



"The Marines had come just in time. The Japs had suspected a landing might be made, planned to send an even larger force"

landing very likely would have been impossible.

When something like the battle of Cape Torokina is over you wonder how the people who did the fighting felt while it was going on. It is very hard for them to tell. They say they were very scared or that they were so busy they forgot to be afraid or that they were scared but got courage by seeing their friends fighting around them. . . . Mostly they're quieter, more serious boys than those who got out of the landing boats. They don't have any particular hate for the Jap. They think of him only as someone who is trying to kill them and who has to be killed if they are to live.

They're sentimental and they remember those who are dead. I recall being stopped by some boys on the beach a week after the battle. They were on their way back from the battle of Koromokina Lagoon. They said they wanted a piece in the paper about a pal who was killed on Cape Torokina. They wanted it to say that he was a real Marine and that he died like a hero. His name was C. J. Price. He was 19, a private first class, and came from Munhall, Pa. Lying horribly wounded and left for dead, he somehow managed to gather enough strength to throw a hand grenade and kill two more Japs.

And because there were a lot of Prices the black sands on the shores of Empress Augusta Bay were American that November night.

End



"... the pillboxes were entirely new. Long shallow trenches had been dug along the beach but were largely unoccupied. The delay was fatal"



"It was the war of little men. In the Hell of fire each private was his own general and on his decision depended whether he'd live or die . . ."

Thousands of Marines know drawings
of Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr.



Fightin'—Writin' Marine

Our Roving Editor, T Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert, Talks Shop With One of His Favorite Authors

Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr. died on March 12, after this story had gone to press. Marines everywhere will mourn his passing.

BEFORE we'd ever seen more than a half dozen U. S. Marines in uniform, we got our education on the Corps from the writings and drawings of Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr.

We believe that Colonel Thomason's stories and pictures have recruited thousands of boys into the Marines—not with any false promises, either. All of his stories (they're written in clean, vigorous and uninhibited prose to rime with his athletic drawings) have a hard sense of reality about them, sometimes at the expense of the structural smoothness demanded by magazine editors.

History contains a lot of disconcerting gaps because there have been such a very few men with Thomason's set of talents. He is a professional soldier and a professional writer and artist. If there had been a John W. Thomason for the American Revolution,

this conflict might have not been so wretchedly chronicled. We were going to say that the Civil War also could have used the colonel. But Thomason, getting his material from talks with Confederate veterans and from other forms of research, has written (and drawn) so vividly on the Civil War that you sometimes get the impression that he actually rode with Jeb Stuart or hiked back from the northern Virginia battlefields to Texas with Captain Praxtiles Swan, the fighting preacher.

World War I, a comparatively compact embroglio, was well-reported—probably better reported than the current global conflict. We believe the best writing that came out of World War I was Thomason's "Fixed Bayonets." We first read these stories in the 1920's. Combined with the scrawling, animated drawings, they gave us a far better impression of the war than did any

other prose or pictures, including photographs, that we've seen.

Thomason can get smells and sounds and colors in his sentences on battle action without slowing up his narrative. For this reason he is a superb military writer. Your usual action writer catches his thumbs in his belt loops on his adjectives and crosses his legs and falls down on his adverbs. And as a result, he sometimes uses up 500 words to describe a right cross to the burr of the ear. The colonel never makes this mistake.

Begging the colonel's pardon, we think that he has made only one error as a writer, and that is in leaving his military title on his by-line. This has caused Thomason to be tagged as a "military author." Actually, we're sure he would have been just as remarkable a literary man if he'd been a backwoods school teacher or a plumber. To

(turn page)



Thomason, in his easy style, sketches the Marine of today as well as the Marine of previous wars

qualify this statement, we wish to say that a Thomason story about East Texas Negroes, "Before the Rain," is one of the most beautiful yarns in the English language.

Thomason has been a Marine for 27 years. He was an enlisted man for a few months before we entered the war in 1917. He became a first-rate officer in France. He stayed in the Marine Corps, serving at posts all over the world during the 1920's and the 1930's. He's handling a key Marine job in this war. Despite his 26-odd-years as an officer, Thomason has never lost touch with enlisted men.

He has written dozens of tales about the Master Gunnery Sergeant John Houston. This Houston has a number of things in common with his creator. John is a man of humor and dignity. He is a tough, intelligent soldier from Texas. He served aboard ship and in North China. Just before World War II, Houston, like Thomason, was doing naval intelligence work in Latin America.

To us the most memorable of the John Houston stories had North China backgrounds. The sergeant got himself mixed up with a lot of spies and warlords and Russian gals (although Thomason specifically says that John never "shacked up" with the White Russian women). Thomason has a way of making spies and adventures and warlords very human, thereby preventing Houston's adventures from taking on that false sheen so evident in most action stories.

The colonel hasn't written about Sergeant Houston since Pearl Harbor. Probably, we'll have to wait until after the peace for Houston's adventures in the Pacific.

Thomason was born in Huntsville, Texas. Huntsville was Sam Houston's old stamping ground and it is a pretty little town set down in the midst of a pine forest. The Colonel comes from a family of soldiers. His folks came to Texas in 1853. His maternal grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Goree, was a staff officer with Long-

street in the Civil War. He had other relatives in Hood's Texans.

He went to the University of Texas, Southwestern University and Sam Houston State College, and was graduated from the last named school in the Spring of 1911. For a while he was a reporter for the Houston Chronicle. He went duck hunting. He talked to Civil War veterans. He talked a lot to East Texas Negroes.



THOMASON

Then he went to New York to study art. For two years he studied at the Art Students League under George Bridgenan. He got a thorough-going art education. When those two years were up, John Thomason was a very promising young artist. But this country's entry into the European war was just over the horizon.

He enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps at Houston early in 1917. In April of that year, when we entered the war, he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He went to France with the Fifth Regiment and he was in every battle with the Fifth.

Thomason came out of the war a captain with five battle clasps and the Navy Cross, and Silver Star. We're not going to try to outline the colonel's World War I experiences because he has already done that too well in "Fixed Bayonets" and other stories.

However, we were interested to hear the colonel state some of his reactions to combat. Thomason believes that courage is one of the most common of qualities in humans. Many of us who may doubt that we have much courage really possess it in quantities. One of his stories illustrates this . . . a little private in the Fifth Marines called in the yarn, Moe Fischer always got the trembles in combat, yet he performed the required amount of heroics to win the Distinguished Service Cross—with a sack of Bull Durham between his teeth to keep the Germans from hearing his teeth chatter. It is possible that the colonel, who has been living around Marines for 27 years, may be a little wrong in his reckonings on the plenitude of courage.

One of the most remarkable things about Thomason's World War I stories is the authority with which he writes on the Germans. He never let the war deter him from observing closely and dispassionately. This is illustrated in such stories as "Luck," which concerned the "good luck swagger stick" of a Prussian officer who was captured by the Marines, and "War Dog" which is about a German shepherd messenger dog, Greta. We think this last is Thomason's best war story, and we'd like to quote the following sentence to show what movement and color and sounds the colonel can pack into a single sentence:

" . . . The Seventh (German) Army pounded across the Chemin des Dames, and four days later, in a red sunset full of crackling shrapnel, Greta lapped water from the Marne and heard her dusty soldiers, filling their canteens by the blue river, talk of a place called Paris. . . "

Or these three sentences:

"... There was nothing but a great shell hole and an untidy litter of corpses. One of these was the Signal Feldwebel, who always took Greta's messages. He lay now partly under a fallen branch, with dew on his yellow mustache, and Greta licked his cold jowl and permitted herself to grieve softly in her throat."

For your information, if you haven't read "War Dog", Greta had been trained to hate all humans save those in the gray-green uniform of the German army. At the end, though she "adopts" a U. S. Marine major in a forest-green blouse. In this story there's a Private Hense Jordon who's like every other veteran Marine private you've ever known. Hense is complete, even to the service record book full of citations and courts.

After World War I, Thomason's life followed the usual pattern for a Marine officer. He was at Quantico for a while, and then in the West Indies, Nicaragua and China. He served aboard ship. He was aide to Colonel Henry Roosevelt, an assistant secretary of Navy in the 1930's. Thomason did naval intelligence work in Latin America.

He found time to write, though—more short stories and that warm biography of the plumed Confederate cavalry leader, Jeb Stuart. This last book earned him much fame.

The colonel lived in the sort of world which might have prompted him to write about diplomats and international intrigue and all that E. Phillips Oppenheim sort of stuff. Instead, Thomason stuck with his Marines and his dusty Confederates. He wrote

and drew pictures of Nicaraguan banana cutters and Chinese bandits that were as accurate and sharp as those he'd made of the Negroes in his native East Texas.

Thomason was in China for three years in the early 1930's, and he left the Asiatic Station with one large regret. In one of his Sergeant Houston stories, a Russian woman spy was executed by the Japs.

"I don't know why I ever let them kill her," said the Colonel. "I could have used that girl in a lot of stories after that. Don't ever kill off your characters."

Right now, the Colonel is stationed on the West Coast. He returned last Fall from the Southwest Pacific, where he observed the New Georgia operations and won the Air Medal for intelligence work.

He came back wearing an Australian bush jacket, with his French fourragere knotted over the left shoulder and his breast ablaze with ribbons. When we talked to the greying, erect colonel, he was carrying some papers in a saddle leather brief case, gift from Admiral Blanco of the Mexican Navy. We hope some day soon that the brief case will be full of yarns about Master Gunnery Sergeant John Houston's adventures in the Pacific war.

End



★ Tarawa Honor Roll ★

(Official casualty list as of February 21, 1944)

DEAD

ALABAMA

REICHEL, Maurice F., 1st Lt.
ROSS, Armstead E., 1st Lt.
FLEMING, Robert L., Gysgt.
GERST, James L., Sgt.
LEE, Lendell, Sgt.
PHILLIPS, John E., Corp.
BRINDLEY, Warren B., PFC
CULLARS, Willie D., PFC
REYNOLDS, Marvin T., PFC
SANDERS, Robert L., PFC
STARK, Albert K., PFC
WHITEHURST, James O., PFC
COWART, William F., Pvt.
GRIFFITH, Roy C., Pvt.
GUYTON, Ezra O., Pvt.
JENKINS, Paul L., Pvt.

ARIZONA

HERMAN, Bob D., PFC

ARKANSAS

TATUM, William E., Capt.
LOYALL, Lawrence L., Sgt.
LILES, Doane A., PFC
JANSEN, Joseph M., PFC
ROBERTS, Larry R., PFC
TAYLOR, Roy B., PFC
HILL, Otha, Pvt.
HILLARD, Robert W., Pvt.
LIVINGSTON, Lloyd L., Pvt.
PARKS, William A., Jr., Pvt.
PENDERGRAST, Vernon L., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA

AMEY, Herbert R., Jr., Lt. Col.
WENTZEL, George R., Jr., Capt.
DUNAHOE, Clinton N., Jr., 1Lt.
HENNESSEY, Edward C., 1st Lt.
BUSSA, George S., 2nd Lt.
OLSON, Walter J., 2nd Lt.
CHRISTENSON, Marius W., 2Lt.
JAUREGUI, Augustine V., 2Lt.
MARTIN, Fred J., 2nd Lt.
TERRELL, John N., 2nd Lt.
BOOKER, Leonard A., WO
SHEALY, Bernard E., WO
SWANSON, Harold, Gysgt.
NORMAN, Basil, Jr., PISgt.
KROENUNG, Wesley L., Jr.
BRACKEEN, J. T., Sgt.
DOUGHERTY, Michael D., Sgt.
FOMBY, Clifton E., Sgt.
JOHNSON, Hugh W., Sgt.
JOHNSON, Roy W., Sgt.
KIDWELL, Julius H., Sgt.
MAPLES, James, Jr., Sgt.
ODOM, Millard, Sgt.
RANDALL, Dwight W., Sgt.
SIMPSON, Robert E., Sgt.
WALKER, Carroll F., Sgt.
BROWN, Walter E., Corp.
BRUECKNER, Norman L., Corp.
CHAPPELL, Wallace J., Corp.
GARDE, Sebastian B., Corp.
HOPPING, Ernest F., Corp.
MARTINEZ, Lester J., Corp.
PAREDES, Osbaldo R., Corp.
SNIPES, Neal E., Corp.
SNYDER, Robert A., Corp.
AGNEW, Robert H., PFC
BISHOP, Edward E., PFC
BITTICK, Roy Ernest, Jr., PFC
CURRIER, Charles B., PFC
DALEY, Allen C., PFC
DEAUCHAMP, Frederick J., PFC
DEKKER, Howard R., PFC
DESPERTO, Andrew E. L., PFC
DRUMHEISER, Clarence E., PFC
FARIA, Louis, PFC
GEHRIG, John C., PFC
HARRISON, Jess R., Jr., PFC
HIGUERA, Robert A., PFC
JOHNSON, Thomas F., PFC
JORGENSEN, Herbert O., PFC
LIVERMORE, Joseph R., PFC
MAIDMENT, Roger V., PFC
MATTERN, Wilbur C., PFC
MURRAY, George B., PFC
NUNES, Manuel, Jr., PFC
OVERMAN, Norman C., PFC
PERALTA, Ernest P., PFC
PRICE, Theron E., PFC
PRINCE, Forrest B., PFC
SAINI, John, PFC
SCHULDT, Roy I., PFC
TRIMBLE, Willis W., PFC
TURL, David W., PFC
MASONI, Frank L., AsstC.
ANDRADA, Donald J., Pvt.
BARKER, Lowell, Pvt.

CRUZ, Jacob, Pvt.
DAVIS, Benjamin F., Pvt.
HAROLDSON, Palmer S., Pvt.
LARSON, Wayne A., Pvt.
LAZZARI, Donald C., Pvt.
LONG, Harvey L., Pvt.
LYNN, Everett E., Pvt.
MILLER, Howard E., Pvt.
SPAYD, Donald S., Pvt.
STEVENS, Willis G., Pvt.
STURGES, Forrest R., Pvt.
WILSON, John A., Pvt.
WRIGHT, Richard G., Pvt.

COLORADO

DARBY, Howard O., Sgt.
STODDARD, Donald D., Sgt.
TWEDELL, Donald R., Sgt.
CAIN, Thomas D., Jr., Corp.
SHOCKEY, Warren R., Corp.
ARY, Clarence K., PFC
BENAVIDES, Philip U., PFC
CHACON, George, PFC
DUFF, Harris K., PFC
JAMES, Ernest C., PFC
MCGHEE, Cecil Elliott, PFC
MOHRLANG, John K., PFC
NAIL, Jesse E., Jr., PFC
SMITH, Robert N., PFC
TAYLOR, Edwin C., PFC
VOSMER, Ronald W., PFC
WILLIAMS, Norman, PFC
WRIGHT, Edgar Whitley, PFC
GOOCH, Erda A., Pvt.
ROADS, Addison B., Pvt.
SMITH, Floyd R., Pvt.

CONNECTICUT

BLAKESLEE, Leslie C., Jr., 2Lt.
DEPRETA, James J., Corp.
BROZYNA, Anthony, PFC
LEMBERG, Walter A., PFC
POETA, John G., PFC

DELAWARE

SCISLEY, John F., Corp.
JORDAN, Howard K., Sr., PFC

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

LEIDEL, Hugh D., 1st Lt.
CANTRELL, Charles L., PFC

FLORIDA

CULP, William C., 2nd Lt.
POWLESS, Henry, Sgt.
VALDEZ, Charles T., Corp.
PLATT, Thomas F., Corp.
WALSH, Robert A., Corp.
COPE, Benjamin A., PFC
GAMBLE, James H., PFC
LEWIS, Kenneth L., PFC
OLSON, Oscar L., PFC
ZEHETNER, Robert L., PFC
WETHERINGTON, Wodrow W.

GEORGIA

RICHTER, Leroy R., Sgt.
ROBERTS, Raymond O., Sgt.
ARD, Olan, PFC
LAW, John A., Jr., PFC
LIGHT, Joseph T., PFC
THAXTON, J. D., PFC

IDAHO

GLEASON, Robert B., Corp.
CHERRY, Ray L., PFC
KUCK, Arthur G., Pvt.

ILLINOIS

LITTLE, Bonnie A., Capt.
GASTON, Glenn M., 1st Lt.
HOFMANN, Wilbur E., Jr., 1Lt.
PHILLIPS, John B., 1st Lt.
HARRIS, George W., Jr., 1stSgt.
CARLSEN, Harry A., TSgt.
PATE, Charles S., PISgt.
TROTTER, George E., PISgt.
BOWDEN, George W., Sgt.
BOZARTH, David B., Sgt.
DIMON, Emmett L., Sgt.
JELLEMA, John B., Sgt.
MAINE, James J., Sgt.
MORRIS, Jerome B., Sgt.
PHELPS, Ulysses S., Sgt.
REESER, George R., Sgt.
VAN HECK, Robert F., Sgt.
VEECK, William E., Sgt.
WIEHARDT, Vincent H., Sgt.
GAUTREAUX, Lawrence M.
HOLLAND, Paul J., Corp.
LEE, Wilson R., Corp.
McGRATH, John J., Corp.

MILLER, Harold E., Corp.
SIMONETTI, Joseph M., Corp.
TUHEY, Raymond J., Corp.
WILLIAMSON, William L., Corp.
ALTMANN, Theodore, Jr., PFC
BANGE, Oliver L., PFC
BARDEN, John J., PFC
BYRD, Harry E., PFC
CHODL, Frank T., PFC
CONLEY, Allen N., PFC
ECKHARDT, Kenneth F., PFC
PARINO, Dominic A., PFC
GILLEN, John E., PFC
GRANT, Charles R., PFC
GREEN, Michael, PFC
HERBIG, Theodore R., PFC
JARRETT, Russell L., PFC
JOHNSON, Robert S., PFC
JOHNSTON, Robert E., PFC
JORGENSEN, Wesley P., PFC
KATSULIS, Demosthenes V.
KNOWLES, Clifford L., PFC
KUBARSKI, Chester J., PFC
LARSON, Oscar B., PFC
LAWICK, Walter J., PFC
LAWRENCE, Robert J., PFC
LUTZOW, Henry, PFC
MEYER, William J., PFC
MONROE, Thomas A., PFC
MORAN, William E., PFC
MOTZ, Robert L., PFC
NALAZEK, Edward A., PFC
OETJEN, Charles E., PFC
PHILIPPE, Robert S., PFC
PHILLIPS, Cleo M., PFC
POLICH, George A., PFC
RAGSDALE, Howard E., PFC
SCHAEDE, Roland E., PFC
SVOBODA, Jerry F., PFC
TOROS, Arthur D., PFC
TROUT, Glen H., PFC
VAN ZANDT, Jack B., PFC
WARD, Donald E., PFC
WICKSTROM, Carl A., PFC
HOY, David C., FMIC
KEELE, Roy E., FMIC
HARDING, Warren E., Pvt.
HORNSBY, Nelson L., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Hubert C., Pvt.
KILEY, William G., Pvt.
LYNTON, Max, Jr., Pvt.
OSIKA, Joseph W., Pvt.
REDMAN, Jack M., Pvt.
REEVES, Walter O., Pvt.
SMITH, Robert L., Jr., Pvt.
TETER, Fay G., Pvt.
WAPPEL, Frank A., Pvt.
WHATELY, Robert L., Pvt.
ZAZZETTI, Joseph T., Pvt.

INDIANA

SHEEDY, William L., 1st Lt.
ANDERSON, John E., 2nd Lt.
HAISLEY, James R., Sgt.
McGUIRE, Charles G., Sgt.
SMITH, Kenneth L., Sgt.
LANTZ, John R., Corp.
SHERMOD, James H., Corp.
ACKERMAN, Henry R., PFC
BRAUN, Richard, PFC
DULL, Raymond G., PFC
GOFF, Ralph V., PFC
HARRIS, Jay C., PFC
HEDGER, Reuben E., PFC
ICE, Robert L., PFC
JEFFRIES, Thomas E., PFC
JENKINS, Robert M., PFC
LORENZ, Henry, PFC
MILLER, Charles D., PFC
SURBER, Christopher O., PFC
WIESEHAN, Louis, PFC
WINKLEY, Manley F., PFC
BOLTHOUSE, John A., Jr., Pvt.
FREET, Fred E., Pvt.
RAMBO, William E., Pvt.

IOWA

CARLTON, David A., 1st Lt.
WELLS, Vernon S., Sgt.
BARROWS, Merle R., Corp.
HODGSON, Clarence S., Corp.
MILLER, Walter A., Corp.
CARSTENSEN, Robert H., PFC
DAMAN, Victor M., PFC
FORD, Donald R., PFC
LELAND, James G., PFC
MOORE, Ned L., PFC
O'HARE, Robert W., PFC
PAULSON, Ralph L., PFC
ROMMEL, Max, PFC
JOHNSON, Martin R., Pvt.
WHITAKER, Channing R., Pvt.

KANSAS

MITCHELL, Clyde C., Sgt.
ECKER, Clinton J., Jr., Corp.
LUTHER, Hubert C., Corp.
MARTINEZ, John J., Corp.
ANDERVICH, Edward F., PFC
BERG, Bert M., PFC
CAMPBELL, Floyd E., PFC
CAMPBELL, Lewis A., PFC
KOURKOS, Sam J., PFC
KRIEGER, Jack H., PFC
MILLER, Jack E., PFC
POWELL, Glenn E., PFC
WARREN, Raymond, PFC
WHITE, Glenn F., PFC
COBLE, Edward D., Pvt.
GASSER, Allen C., Pvt.
PARSONS, Veral F., Pvt.

KENTUCKY

MARSHALL, Edward, Corp.
WELLS, Winston, Corp.
ALLEN, Randolph, PFC
BAYENS, John R., PFC
GORE, Ben H., PFC
GREER, John C., Jr., PFC
HEADLEY, Chester J., PFC
JARRETT, Aiton H., PFC
LEVERIDGE, Seldon, PFC
RACENER, Joe D., PFC
RIGGIN, James M., PFC
ROBBINS, Gilbert E., PFC
SULLIVAN, Harold J., PFC
YOUNG, Marvin E., PFC
FEW, George W., Pvt.

LOUISIANA

MOORE, Harvel L., 2nd Lt.
STROUD, Herbert, Gysgt.
DICKENS, Rowe W., Gysgt.
GURLEY, Joe, PISgt.
SIMPSON, Edward L., Sgt.
ABADIE, John A., Corp.
ADAMS, Clay O., Corp.
COLE, Oscar H., Jr., Corp.
MEADOW, Wayne G., Corp.
RIGDON, Marvin R., Corp.
BUCHANAN, Hullen D., PFC
EDWARDS, Henry O., PFC
FREDERICK, Warren E., PFC
GUNTER, Elbert K., PFC
OLANO, Philip L., PFC
REDMANN, Gregory, PFC
ROBERT, Marion P., PFC
GRIFFIN, Robert J., PFC
HUGUET, Lester D., Pvt.
KEES, Milton C., Pvt.
VARNADO, Joseph W., Jr., Pvt.

MAINE

RUSSELL, Fernand J., PFC

MARYLAND

CLAUDE, David K., Lt. Col.
CLARK, Wallace J., Jr., PISgt.

MASSACHUSETTS

VINCENT, RICHARD W., 1st Lt.
AUDETTE, Osea A., Sgt.
MARBLE, Bernard A., Sgt.
CABRAL, Frank R., Corp.
FITZPATRICK, John J., Corp.
GAGNE, Arthur F., Corp.
GUERRIERO, Anthony G., Corp.
BROWN, Darwin H., PFC
GILLIS, Basil J., PFC
LEMAV, Sylvio, PFC
MacDONALD, John W., PFC
MANSFIELD, James F., PFC
MARKEY, John J., Jr., PFC
PARSONS, Samuel R., PFC
SOMES, Arthur D., Jr., PFC
WATKINS, James E., PFC
BENSON, Edwin F., Pvt.
HIRST, Howard, Pvt.
LALLY, John F., Jr., Pvt.
MUNN, Thomas J., Pvt.

MICHIGAN

ROSE, Robert W., Capt.
HARVEY, Robert J., 1st Lt.
BARKER, Elmer C., PISgt.
COLE, Duane O., Sgt.
COATLEY, Elmer W., Corp.
PFLERITO, Andrew, Corp.
WEBB, Hester S., Corp.
ALGER, Theodore J., PFC
ATKINS, George J., PFC
AULT, James W., PFC
BAUMAN, Benjamin G., PFC
BYRNES, Bernard J., PFC
CYWINSKI, Raymond P., PFC
DUFFY, John E., PFC
ELLIOTT, Samuel B., PFC
GOW, Jack, Jr., PFC
GOW, Morris S., PFC
HARRISON, Arnold, Jr., PFC
HUNTER, Donald F., PFC
LAWSON, Gordon K., PFC
LIKENS, Kenneth W., PFC
LIND, George H., PFC
McPHEE, Eugene M., PFC
REYNOLDS, John D., PFC
RUFF, Thomas F., PFC

SANDERS, James C., PFC
SCHEMPF, Harold, PFC
SOETERS, William H., PFC
STRZELECKI, Lee W., PFC
WALLACE, Charles Eugene, PFC
WETELAINEN, George H., PFC
BARIBEAU, Robert J., Pvt.
CARLSON, Glen E., Pvt.
DAVIES, Abner W., Pvt.
GODIN, Roger W., Pvt.
GORAJ, Stanley R., Pvt.
HARRIS, Walter E., Pvt.
VOORHEIS, Donald D., Pvt.
WALTZ, Merlin W., Pvt.

MINNESOTA

DAHLGREN, Donald R., 2nd Lt.
GREGGSON, Henry R., Gysgt.
HUBERT, James J., Sgt.
KARLSON, Donald A., Corp.
VAUGHN, Welter C., Corp.
BACON, Thomas C., PFC
BEGIN, William W., PFC
BENSON, James D., PFC
BUAN, Norman A., PFC
CONNER, George M., PFC
FAZEKAS, Ernest A., PFC
GALLAND, Mervin D., PFC
LUEDTKE, Daryl M., PFC
MICKELSEN, James G., PFC
MIKEL, Lawrence N., PFC
OSTERMAN, Budd A., PFC
OTTO, Norbert O., PFC
WALLER, Alvin O., PFC
YOUNG, James R., PFC
YOUNG, Walter H., PFC
ZIMMERMAN, Sherman G., PFC
GLASS, Richard M., Pvt.
McKINNEY, Robert C., Pvt.
SALPIETRO, Matthew E., Pvt.

MISSISSIPPI

McNEIL, Charles L., 1st Lt.
MOREHEAD, George, 1st Lt.
BECKER, Thomas D., 2nd Lt.
WILLIAMS, Leonard E., PISgt.
LOWE, Clarence D., Sgt.
WILLIAMSON, Wesley O., Sgt.
BOWIE, Clovis W., Corp.
HAYWOOD, William C., Corp.
LOWERY, Curtis V., Corp.
MASSEY, Stanley E., Corp.
McCALL, Quentin W., Corp.
COLLINS, Sidney E., PFC
JAMES, Ray, PFC
PILGRIM, Luther W., PFC
BYRD, Faris G., Pvt.
HICKS, Wilson W., Pvt.
TREMMELE, John O., Jr., Pvt.
YARBROUGH, James B., Pvt.

MISSOURI

POWELL, Buell F., 2nd Lt.
BAYLESS, Joseph W., Ssgt.
FLANARY, Kermit C., Sgt.
PHILLIPS, Kenneth N., Sgt.
AZEROLLO, Albert F., Corp.
CAMPBELL, Arthur A., Corp.
MARSHALL, Richard H., Corp.
MARTIN, Elmer L., Corp.
MAYER, Stephen J., Corp.
BENNETT, Nelson C., PFC
BLACKMON, Clarence E., PFC
BURCH, Harold R., PFC
CHILDRESS, Frank E., PFC
COONS, Sigal E., PFC
FELTMEIER, William C., PFC
FOX, Robert William, PFC
HUTCHISON, Orville A., PFC
KOUNTZMAN, Ralph C., PFC
MARCELLUS, Kenneth W., PFC
PEGG, Elzieathin A., PFC
PICKERING, Raymond A., PFC
SHAVER, William R., PFC
WARD, Gene C., PFC
WILLS, John W., PFC
FRANCOISEY, Freeman C., PFC
FRANKSKATO, Ar, Robert E., FMIC
BLEVINS, William F., Pvt.
DILL, Elvis A., Pvt.
FOX, Robert Wray, Pvt.

MONTANA

FRICKS, Hugh D., 1st Lt.
SUMMERS, Arthur B., Gysgt.
ATKINS, James R., Sgt.
RASMUSSEN, Albert L., Corp.
CAMPBELL, Douglas K., PFC
HOLT, Clifford, PFC
PERKINS, Harold E., PFC
TAYLOR, William F., PFC

NEBRASKA

LINDQUIST, Everett, S. G. Sg.
MOORE, Fae V., Sgt.
HOOP, Carl, Jr., Corp.
DANIELS, Preston J., Jr., PFC
GLOWACZ, Stanley S., PFC
LANGAN, John P., PFC
LEE, Raymond N., PFC
STUHLREIER, John R., PFC
WIELGUS, Leo J., PFC
GEDDES, Dale R., Pvt.
GREENWALT, Thomas J., Pvt.
GREY, Harry O., Pvt.

NEVADA

SANDS, William F., Corp.
MILLICK, Arnold E., PFC
WINNEMUCA, Stanley, PFC
TILLMAN, John M., Pvt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BROWN, Kenneth L., Capt.
QUINN, David H., 1st Sgt.
RIOUX, Normand D., PFC

NEW JERSEY

DREWES, Henry C., Maj.
GETZ, Allen K., Corp.
WALLACE, Frederick L., Corp.
COURTLEIGH, Richard W., PFC
DRUCKER, Maurice J., PFC
GIBO, John, PFC
MENENDEZ, Manuel, PFC
SOYAK, Joseph M., Jr., PFC
BRENTNALL, James H., Jr., Pvt.
MULLIGAN, James W., Pvt.
PARKER, Albert L., Pvt.
PIETROSILLI, Antonio J., Pvt.

NEW MEXICO

BONNYMAN, Alexander, Jr., 1Lt.
SLAUGHTER, Orvan S., 1st Sgt.
GILMAN, Paul D., PFC
HOLTZCLAW, Otho W., Pvt.

NEW YORK

PALOPOLI, Orlando A., Capt.
SEXTON, Joseph J., 2nd Lt.
DEL BENE, Paul A., Sgt.
MAURIELLO, Ugo, Sgt.
CRITCHLEY, Walter G., Corp.
GONSALVES, Joseph R., Corp.
RIBEIRO, Arthur E., Jr., Corp.
FAHY, John M., PFC
FEENEY, John T., PFC
CAVIGLIA, Victor J., PFC
HENSEL, George R., PFC
JOHNSON, James B., PFC
KRISTAL, Leonard E., PFC
LE ROY, Hartley S., PFC
MANNISE, Joseph J., PFC
MANNIX, Kenneth F., PFC
McMANUS, Michael A., PFC
MONICK, Francis J., PFC
O'BOYLE, Anthony A., PFC
OSMANSKI, Eugene, PFC
PRINCE, John F., PFC
REILLY, James P., PFC
RUGGIERO, Eugene V., PFC
SAZANOVICH, John, PFC
TRAVER, George H., PFC
CAMPBELL, James P., Pvt.
JONES, Maynard L., Jr., Pvt.
KAMS, Harold L., Pvt.
MESSIER, Adelphis J., Pvt.
PENNA, Frank F., Pvt.
WILSON, Raymond P., Pvt.

NORTH CAROLINA

ROYSTER, Thomas B., Capt.
AULT, Joseph E., PFC
NORRIS, Joseph M., PFC
BRAYSON, Alvin C., Pvt.
McCRAW, Paul K., Pvt.
TUCKER, Ernest E., Pvt.

NORTH DAKOTA

OLSON, George V., Corp.
BROWN, Duane McL., PFC
NELSON, Warren G., FMIC

OHIO

MAURER, Walter L., 1st Lt.
BECK, Louis B., 2nd Lt.
COOK, Sidney A., Gysgt.
FLICKY, Frank S., Sgt.
REECE, Criss, Sgt.
SNAIR, Carl, Jr., Sgt.
BURRILL, Russell M., Corp.
BRYAN, James W., Corp.
GORENC, Joseph A., Corp.
ANDERSON, Truitt A., PFC
ATHON, Frank L., Jr., PFC
BEMIS, Robert E., PFC
BRANDENBURG, William E.
CROTS, Patrick J., PFC
CRISLIP, Franklin R., PFC
FOREMAN, John F., PFC
HAYDEN, Harold W., PFC
KYZYS, Marcel J., PFC
KUYKENDALL, Elias, PFC
LIMPACH, Cleatis U., PFC
MAHAFFEY, Robert L., PFC
MAYER, Milton J., PFC
McDONALD, Ambrose A., Jr.
MINICK, Zihlman T., PFC
PALMIRA, Dominic A., Jr.
POLMASKITCH, Andrew, Jr.
ROMANCIK, Raymond J., PFC
STUBBS, Arthur R., PFC
THOMAS, Harold V., PFC
WARNES, Richard C., PFC
WELEVER, Clifford T., PFC
WESTFALL, John C., Jr., PFC
BROPHY, William J., Pvt.
COX, Harold L., Pvt.
DAVIS, James A., Pvt.
HANLIN, Harry L., Pvt.
MILLER, Harley E., Pvt.
MULRONEY, Thomas L., Pvt.
OSTERLAND, Herbert F., Pvt.
ROE, Milford, Pvt.
SHARP, Arvil R., Pvt.

OKLAHOMA

CURRY, Louis E., 2nd Lt.

JAY, William R., Gysgt.
LYON, Clifford A., Sgt.
MAHONEY, John W., Sgt.
POWELL, Frank C., Sgt.
THORP, Vernon L., Sgt.
GOLDTRAP, Claire E., Corp.
LANNING, Hazen B., Corp.
PERCER, Walter T., Corp.
BLEVINS, Paul L., PFC
EDWARDS, Alfred, PFC
GARRISON, Lawrence E., PFC
NICAR, William R., PFC
SHEPPARD, Roy L., PFC
OLIVER, Norman C., Pvt.

OREGON

VANDITTI, Dominick, 1st Sgt.
PERKINS, Paul, Gysgt.
MORGAN, Francis P., Sgt.
HOGAN, Jimmie D., Corp.
SPENCE, John S., Corp.
CHARPILLOZ, Lyle Ellis, PFC
FELDNER, Victor H., PFC
FISH, William L., PFC
SMITH, Everett E., PFC
STEPHENS, Raymond M., PFC
WILLIAMS, Ralph L., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

RIXSTINE, Herman E., 1st Lt.
AMADIO, Dominick D., Gysgt.
HALSTEAD, Murat, PISgt.
CECCHINI, Fred S., Corp.
JARMULOWSKI, Stanley V.
McNICHOL, John V., Corp.
PALUCH, George A., Corp.
BOSCHETTI, Joseph F., PFC
CANCILLA, Nicholas J., PFC
CARNEY, Russell L., PFC
FARAT, Walter J., PFC
FEIN, Bernard J., PFC
GRIFFON, Joseph, PFC
HANNON, Harold P., PFC
HEIN, Frank, PFC
KOCOPY, Michael, PFC
LATIN, Joseph A., PFC
LEWIS, Ivor J., Jr., PFC
LELIE, Frank R., PFC
McDOWELL, William J., Jr., PFC
SILFIES, Lester P., PFC
STEBNER, William F., PFC
TROTTER, Christopher W., PFC
BITZER, Herbert L., Pvt.
JACOB, John Benjamin, Pvt.
JORDAN, Edwin W., Pvt.
KRIS, Frank C., Pvt.
RAGUCCI, Emil F., Pvt.
SLOBODNIK, Andrew L., Pvt.
VOCILA, Russell W., Pvt.
WINKLER, Clifford A., Pvt.

RHODE ISLAND

MILLER, Gordon P., PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

BROWN, Shirley M., Sgt.
SCHWARTZ, Marvin S., PFC

SOUTH DAKOTA

MARSH, Everett N., Sgt.
ANDERSON, Vern M., Corp.
CONDELARIO, Vincent R., Corp.
DE MARSCHE, James L., PFC
JENKS, Robert D., PFC
TRAVERSE, Vincent E., PFC

TENNESSEE

WALKER, Edward G., Jr., Capt.
ANDREGG, Henry, Jr., Corp.
COOPER, Thomas H., Corp.
CAVIN, William F., PFC
COX, Gene W., PFC
COX, Noah A., PFC
HYDE, Preston F., PFC
LIMBURG, William H., PFC
REEDER, Otto, PFC
SENTELE, Otis B., PFC
VANCE, Joseph L., PFC
FOUTS, Eugene D., Pvt.
JACKSON, Aaron F., Pvt.
KERLEY, Dillard L., Pvt.

TEXAS

HAWKINS, William D., 1st Lt.
PRICE, Joseph B., 1st Lt.
MILLS, Justin G., 1st Lt.
MATTHEW, Ernest A., Jr., 2Lt.
NEDBALEC, Jerry, PISgt.
BORDELON, William J., SSgt.
HAMM, Robert B., SSgt.
FARRIS, Fred, Sgt.
SKINNER, Morris W., Sgt.
BIRDSONG, Jessie L., Corp.
BOWEN, Clovis W., Corp.
ELLIS, Harold O., Corp.
GOINS, Marvin F., Corp.
O'DONNELL, Morgan H., Corp.
PINCKARD, George W., Corp.
SNAPP, Raymond C., Corp.
TRANHAM, Jack, Corp.
ARMSTRONG, Jarrel M., PFC
BRADDOCK, Abraham S., PFC
BROCK, Roland E., PFC
BROWNING, Homer B., PFC
CASHION, Marvin P., PFC
DE BRETAGNE, Hugo J., PFC
GAMBRELL, Donnell E., PFC
GILBERT, William E., PFC
HANCOCK, J. L., PFC
HOFFMAN, John W., Jr., PFC
HULLINGER, William V., PFC
JOHNSON, Andrew D., PFC
LAM, Francis P., PFC
MANG, Jack W., PFC

MATHEWSON, Harold G., Jr.
MATHIES, Elmer L., Jr., PFC
McDERMOTT, Giles, Jr., PFC
McKAY, William S., PFC
MENGGER, Arthur G., PFC
MONTAGUE, Charles, PFC
RUSSOM, A. P., PFC
SENG, Gene G., Jr., PFC
STEPHENSON, Elzie B., PFC
VIA, William D., PFC
WILLIAMS, Alvin R., PFC
WILLIAMS, David M., PFC
PATRICK, George F., Pvt.
PIERCE, Glen B., Pvt.
STAMBAUGH, Jack R., Pvt.
THOMAS, Edwin E., Pvt.
WHITWORTH, James A., Pvt.

UTAH

FOX, James O., Capt.
ABBOTT, Myron L., Sgt.
BOHNE, Kenneth D., PFC
BURROWS, Merrill G., PFC
DANIELS, Aaron, PFC
NATCH, Robert J., PFC
SWEENEY, Charles H., PFC

VIRGINIA

ADKINS, Ray E., PFC
CROMER, Ernest E., PFC
JONES, Cecil R., PFC
CASTLE, James S., Jr., Pvt.
HUNTER, Norman O., Pvt.

WASHINGTON

RUUD, Reuben P., 1st Lt.
ROZANSKI, Edward E., 2nd Lt.
WHEELER, Leslie J., PISgt.
SNYDER, John, SSgt.
SUTHERLAND, Walter V., Sgt.
ROBERTSON, Mark R., Corp.
SMITH, Glen R., Corp.
ANDERSON, Harold J., PFC
BAUMBACH, Elden R., PFC
BREITHAUP, Marion W., PFC
CARLI, William J., Jr., PFC
FUNK, Oliver A., PFC
HOLM, John W., PFC
HOSKIN, Donald F., PFC
LUDRIGAN, Carol E., PFC
McALWAIN, Stanley L., PFC
McNEIL, Ralph C., PFC
RICE, James F., PFC
SCHEEL, Lloyd P., PFC
STEWART, Richard M., PFC
WALTON, Orson L., PFC
BOYLAN, John A., Pvt.
VANCIL, Edwin H., Pvt.

WEST VIRGINIA

LEDBETTER, Emmet G., Sgt.
WALLACE, Fred C., Corp.
CASTO, William M., PFC
WINGLER, Paul D., PFC
KINES, Emmett L., Pvt.
TYE, Harry K., Pvt.

WISCONSIN

CARPENTER, Willis A., 2nd Lt.
TOMLINSON, Mark, 2nd Lt.
KONZ, Michael P., 1st Sgt.
BERG, Thomas J., Corp.
BRAND, Robert J., Corp.
HIRT, Gerald A., Corp.
WALCZEWSKI, Edmund R.
DE LELIS, John C., PFC
DEHRING, Roger W., PFC
HEIN, James L., PFC
KELLNER, Frank J., PFC
KROLL, William A., PFC
LEE, Robert E., PFC
MILLER, Walter J., PFC
THIELEN, Henry M., PFC
THOMPSON, Robert H., PFC
WALES, Lafayette L., PFC
WENDE, Arthur E., PFC
PAHL, Eugene D., Pvt.
PERO, Edward R., Pvt.
RICHARDSON, Glenn, Jr., Pvt.
SALISBURY, Harlowe D., Pvt.

WYOMING

GIBBONS, William R., Sgt.
ROLL, Ralph G., Sgt.
McKIBBEN, William D., Corp.
HILL, Jack E., PFC

ALASKA

PATTERSON, David W., Jr.

PUERTO RICO

RODRIGUEZ, Jorge I., PFC

NO STATE AVAILABLE

WHARTON, Robert H., Gysgt.
WARREN, Page, SupplySgt.
GERINGER, LeRoy R., PFC
KRCHMAR, Frank V., PFC
TROWBRIDGE, Kenneth E., PFC

MISSING

ALABAMA

SAMS, William R., PFC

ARIZONA

PECK, Hubert A., Corp.
BROWN, Marcus, PFC
TALBOTT, Russell S., Pvt.

ARKANSAS

JOHNS, James E., PFC

CALIFORNIA

HAPPE, Glenn, Gysgt.
SIWAK, Eugene, PISgt.
KOVIS, Donald S., SSgt.
FITZPATRICK, John D., Corp.
KIMBALL, Rolland E., PFC
LENORD, Benjamin T., PFC
MOLLES, Jeze G., PFC
NEWMAN, Kenneth F., PFC
SAUER, Myrl M., PFC
STEWART, Robert V., PFC
TOLSON, Donald R., PFC
DREW, Charles A., Pvt.
DYSON, James R., Pvt.
GANDARA, Humbert W., Pvt.

COLORADO

NIELSON, Roger K., Corp.
THOMPSON, Leonard A., PFC
WILSON, Howard D., PFC
MATHEW, Jack A., Pvt.
MITCHELL, Donald M., Pvt.

CONNECTICUT

COLOSKE, Robert E., Pvt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TEMPLETON, Jay R., PFC
HARRIS, Warren C., Pvt.

FLORIDA

SARGENT, Perley W., PFC
CARTER, Broward L., Pvt.

IDAHO

KNODEL, Reuben J., Sgt.
SCHEIDT, George J., Corp.
MOSTEK, Raymond, Pvt.
PLUMLEE, Hugh, Pvt.

ILLINOIS

BARKER, Raymond A., Corp.
MAGAHAN, Harold C., Corp.
CRONKHITE, Harry, PFC
KADDOTZ, Wilbert A., PFC
MADONIA, Andrea J., PFC
NICKEY, Robert A., PFC
STRANGE, Albert, PFC
TYMA, Leonard A., PFC
WILSON, William A., PFC
BERENT, Louis B., Pvt.

INDIANA

BRYANT, Howard L., Corp.
VOLLMER, Daniel L., Corp.
GARRITY, Paul R., PFC
HARRY, Billy, Jr., PFC
WININGER, Rondal E., PFC
KRALIK, Stephen D., Pvt.

IOWA

RISER, Merton R., PFC
SCHERTZ, Paul E., PFC

KENTUCKY

JOHNSON, Edgar R., PFC
JONES, Walter H., PFC
DONALDSON, William C., Pvt.
WILLIAMS, Varden A., Pvt.

LOUISIANA

MOREAU, Braxton L., PFC
RIVET, Ray A., PFC
NAFFE, Joseph J., Jr., Pvt.

MAINE

KINNEY, Curtis W., Corp.
OUELLETTE, Fernand L., PFC
BLANCHETTE, Alberic M., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS

FERRARA, Joseph A., Sgt.
KROTOW, Alexander, Corp.
GROVER, Edward L., PFC
HAMILTON, Pembroke T., PFC
MENDES, Alvaro C., PFC
VELLUCCI, Angelo M., Pvt.

MICHIGAN

GETSON, Matthew, Jr., PFC
KAPUT, Chester W., PFC
PAULASKI, Edward R., PFC
VER VAECKE, Camille T., Jr.
ZOLKE, George, PFC
BUTTON, Marvin D., Pvt.
CETRONE, Peter J., Pvt.
LANCETT, Harry E., Pvt.
SHELLNER, Norman R., Pvt.
ZALUT, Stanley, Pvt.

MINNESOTA

BECK, Milton M., Corp.
WETTERNACH, Laurence K.

MISSISSIPPI

HAMMETT, Harold, Sgt.
LANE, Lambert, Corp.
GRAVES, Willie R., PFC
LOWER, Quincy M., PFC

MISSOURI
HINCH, Ewell L., PFC

HUDSON, Ralph L., PFC
YOUNG, Laurence D., PFC
SMITH, Loren A., Pvt.

MONTANA

AVERY, Harvey F., Gysgt.
OSMERS, John H., PFC

NEBRASKA

REYNOLDS, Dornie B., PISgt.
LUSCHE, Carroll G., SSgt.
KRENKLE, Philip H., PFC

NEW HAMPSHIRE

DUMAIS, Alphonse, MGysgt.

NEW JERSEY

FACCHIANO, Alfred J., PFC
PFEFFER, Robert G., PFC
SIEGEL, Clifford, Pvt.

NEW YORK

LA FRANCE, Frederick, Sgt.
BENVENUTO, Francisco, PFC
EMOND, Lawrence G., PFC
JOHNSON, Robert C., PFC
MENDY, Joseph, PFC
NORTON, Thomas J., PFC
WATERMAN, Francis E., PFC
CARBONE, Joseph C., Pvt.

NORTH CAROLINA

CLEMONS, James H., Corp.
BURKE, John T., PFC
DOSS, Phillip I., PFC
STAMEY, Jack, Pvt.

OHIO

WATSON, William R., Corp.
CALVIN, Raymond D., PFC
GECZY, Joseph E., PFC
GREASER, Stanley S., PFC
MURPHY, Wilbur D., PFC
SILVER, Victor H., PFC
WILEY, Robert, PFC
WISE, Philip G., PFC
BARNHOUSE, Hamilton E., Pvt.
HEFFRON, Edward J., Pvt.

OKLAHOMA

KNEFF, James C., PFC

OREGON

CANNADAY, Herbert L., Sgt.
WAY, Herman L., Corp.
SUTHERLAND, Frank C., PFC
ENTWISLE, Ennis M., Pvt.
CARTER, Robert J., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRIS, Thomas R., PFC
SALERNO, Michael L., PFC
WALDENVILLE, Arthur B., PFC
ANDRUSEASKY, Frank C., Pvt.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SWIGERT, Robert, Corp.

TEXAS

GILL, John W., Corp.
JAYNES, Everett H., PFC
McCOY, Cecil R., PFC
RAWLINS, Joe H., PFC
SCURLOCK, Thomas L., PFC
AVANT, Owen C., Pvt.
CHUDEJ, Marvin G., Pvt.
HOUSEWRIGHT, Columbus V.
ROUT, Albert M., Pvt.

UTAH

OSBORN, Lynn H., Sgt.

VIRGINIA

LAYCOCK, Morris B., PFC

WASHINGTON

PETERS, Wyman L., PFC
NEWELL, Archie W., Pvt.
STEWART, Donald R., Pvt.
STURMER, Herman F., Jr., Pvt.

WEST VIRGINIA

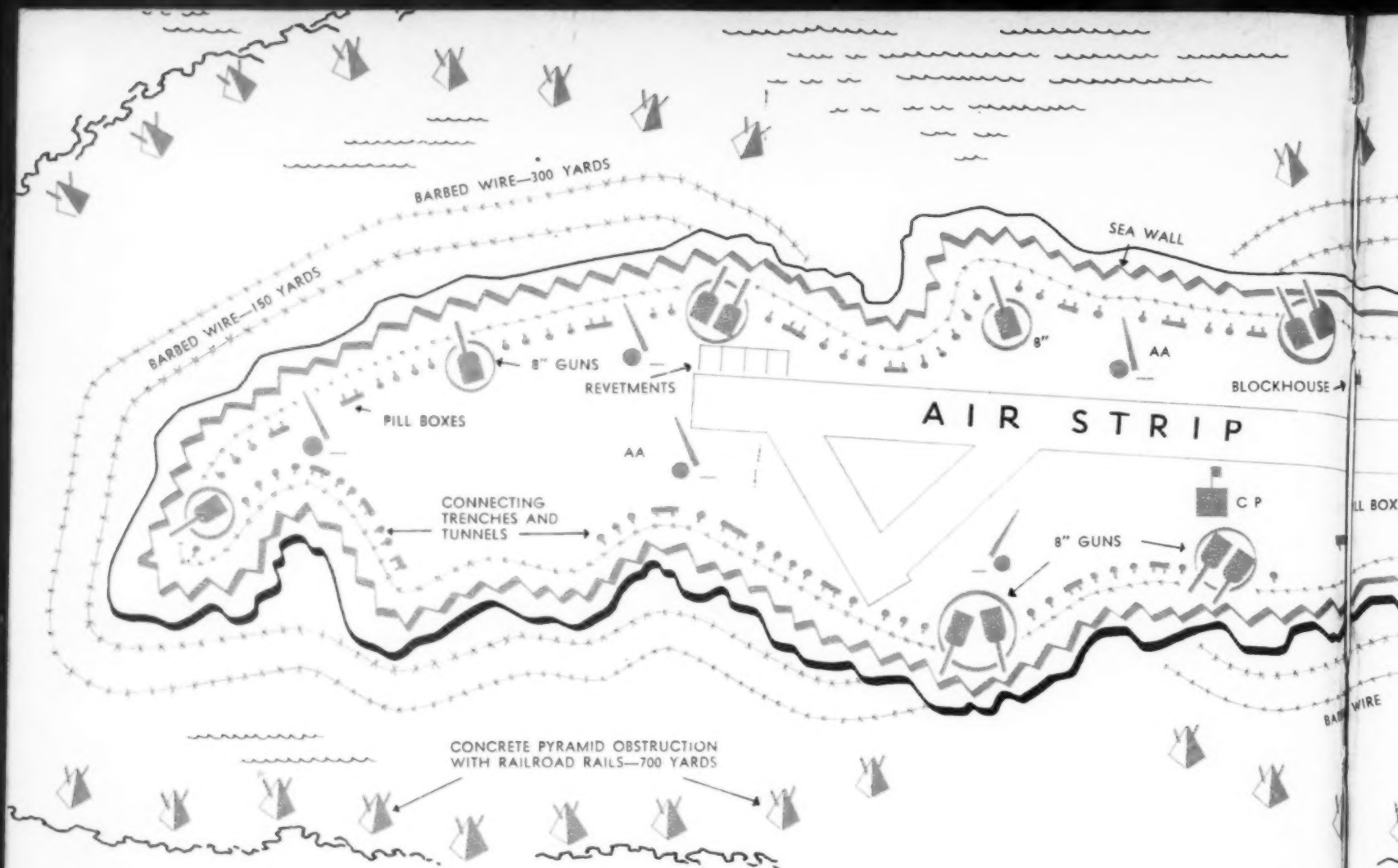
LEFFELL, Hylbert, Corp.
KEGLEY, Ellis, PFC
LUKIE, Joe, PFC
WALKER, Charles D., PFC
WINTERS, Rondus T., PFC

WISCONSIN

GRIMM, Elden W., Sgt.
EASMUSSEN, Gordon B., Sgt.
BELTER, Clarence B., PFC
FEDORSKY, Gregory J., PFC
GRESK, Patrick J., PFC
HULL, Jerold R., PFC
LIERTZ, Robert E., PFC
VAN ENGEN, Louis J., PFC
CREECH, John J., Jr., Pvt.
HARCUS, David R., Pvt.
MRKVICA, Louis J., Pvt.
VERHAALLEN, Henry C., Pvt.

WYOMING

YOKOM, Elmore F., Sgt.



This bristling, Japanese-held island fortress airstrip provides a fine base for torpedo planes and submarines, menaces enemy aerial and sea advancement. Concrete, iron and barbed wire obstacles serve to delay attack and

direct landing teams over the flat reef to the sea. Japanese marines usually are provided to man the

Blockades on the Road to Tokyo

How the Japs Fortify Their Coral Atoll Outposts

BLOCKADES on the road to Tokyo are "impregnable" Jap fortresses deeply entrenched on coral atolls, islands. These must be removed before the isles can become stepping stones.

Aerial torpedoes carried by Jap planes from coral and cement-paved air strips on these islands constitute a constant menace to American transports carrying indispensable replacements and supplies to our fighters thousands of miles from home. The most strategically positioned Jap-held points must be neutralized, refortified as advance bases for American aircraft.

Jap newer type weapons, skillfully planned strategy, heavily fortified islands are delaying rapid forward movement in retrieving lost allied territory and conclusion of the war.

It takes the Japs two years and more to create an "impregnable" atoll defense. Spoils of other conquests are transported long distances and include 8, 5.5, 3-inch guns, labor prisoners, cement, ammunition, wire, steel, lumber, supplies, equipment, even a narrow gauge railroad.

The Japanese plan their fortifications to destroy the enemy at the waters edge, following v-shaped water obstacles guiding

landing parties to concentrated fire, and counter-attack; these also protect airfield and plane revetments. Hence the multi-

Editor's Note: This illustrated article deals with a purely hypothetical defense and capture of a coral atoll as conceived by a LEATHERNECK writer and artist and is not to be construed as having official connection with any past or projected military operations.

plicity of MG nests, pillboxes at close interval, tank and tractor obstacles, trenches, bulkheads, land mines, barriers, double apron barbed wire entanglements, antitank and tractor guns, all near the beach, encircling an island, which is usually a mile or two long, a half mile or mile wide.

Five thousand of the best trained, well seasoned Jap marines carry out the plan of defense of a small island, organize entire area into sectors to deliver most effective cross, flanking and rear fire.

Three thousand laborers make excavations for pillboxes, steel cupolas, bombproofs, gun emplacements, power plants,

tank traps, intercommunicating trenches dug on a spider pattern. Land is cleared for an airfield strip the length of the island and is covered with blocks of coral rock with the central strip of cement. All other trees are left standing for camouflage purposes.

Pits of bombproofs and pillboxes are bulkheaded with palm logs brought in from other islands and walls are made of cement or steel. The island is transformed into a veritable underground mound city, each excavation having from one to four rooms, baffled traverses, the whole covered with logs, sand bags, cocoanuts, sand, steel, cement, matted palm fronds, coral rock, and more sand ten feet or more thick, camouflaged with fast growing trees and plants capable of undamaged absorption of shock from 16-inch naval guns, airplane bombs. Only openings in the shelters are narrow gun slits near ground level, air vent at top and small underground entrance protected by double walls from intercommunicating trench. In this manner they believe they have "dug in for the duration," since they have ample food including live chickens and pigs, beer, huge ammunition and supply dumps of all kinds and are told it will take a million men to dislodge them.



flat of reef to concentrated points of fire. Five thousand battle-tested Japanese men the intricate connecting network of guns, pillboxes and blockhouses



Formidable and destructive are the Japanese big coastal guns brought in from Singapore and other conquests, placed on a coral island to make the enemy vessels keep their distance. They blast convoys and destroy landing craft



Three-foot pyramid shaped concrete blocks, eight feet apart, nailed to coral reef with railroad iron which extend outward another three feet. hidden at high tide, disembowel, disgorge landing craft

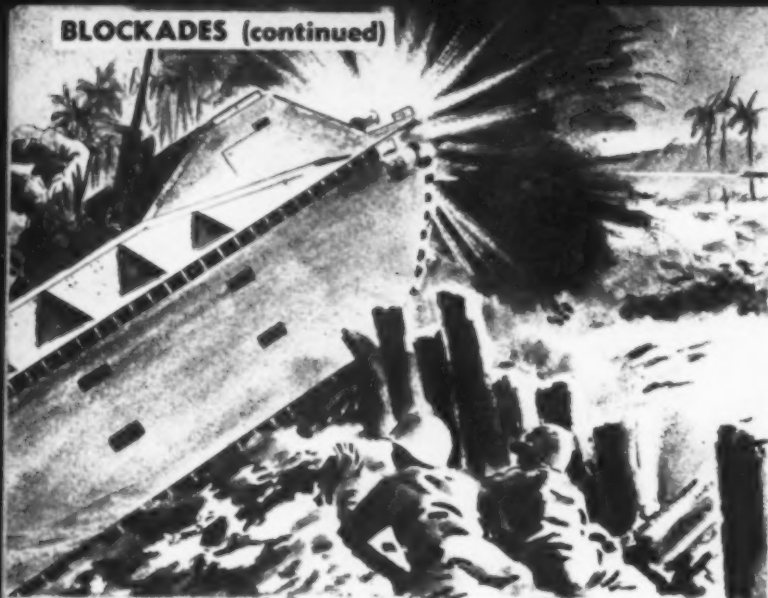


As attack forces waded in over 800-yard coral reef shelf they are delayed by two rows of barbed wire, nailed to posts driven into reef, 300 and 150 yards from the shore, subjected to intense fire

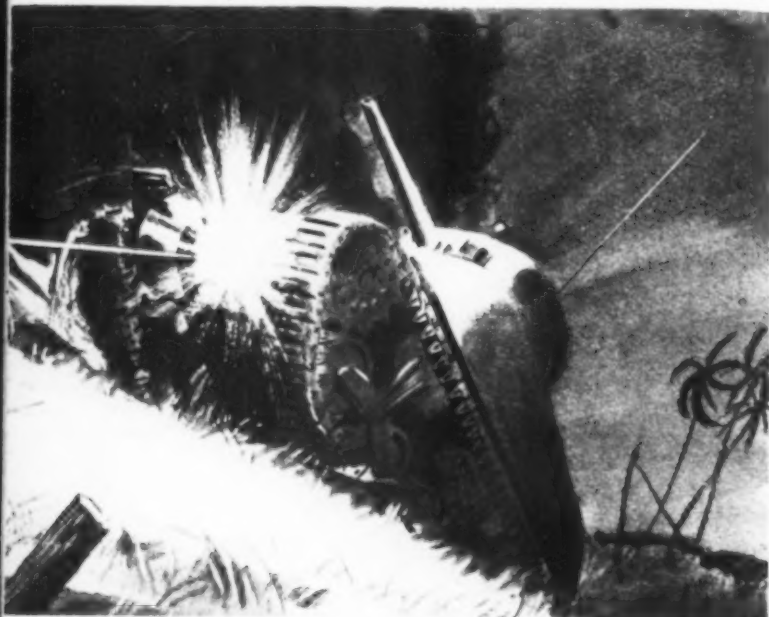
Island Maginot line of MG nests, pillboxes, five yards apart, log barriers with embrasures between them, barbed wire, bristle menacingly and belch murderous cross fire as enemy tries to establish beachhead



BLOCKADES (continued)



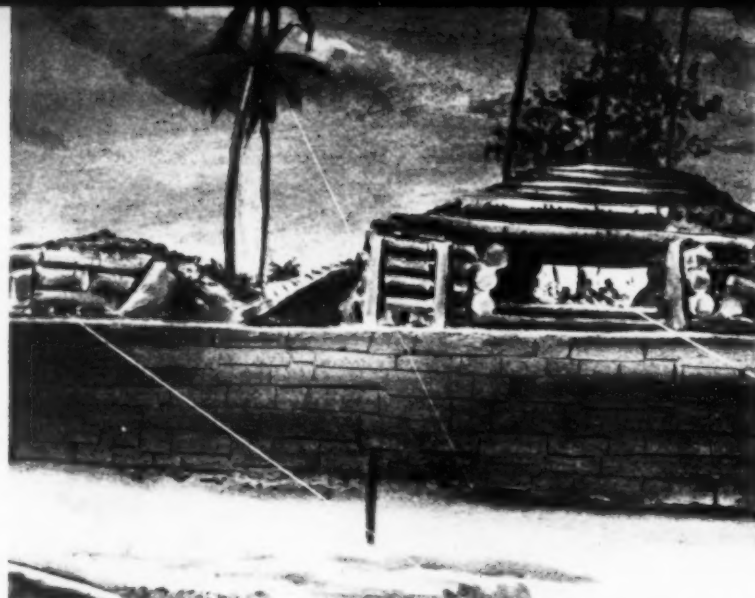
Bulkhead of logs and coral rock, with gunports, on beach delays tanks, tractors, exposes them to penetrating gunfire. Enemy taking cover behind barricade blasted by hand grenades rolled over edge



Tank trench traps placed back of first beach barriers and open spaces hold up motorized units, place tanks in upright position, subjecting belly to five-inch dual purpose gun and cannon fire



Heavier gun emplacements are fortified in reinforced concrete walls and blockhouses which also are utilized for command posts. Trenches connect various pillboxes, blockhouses, protect troops



Withering machine gun fire from pillboxes, snipers in trees and debris, wipe out the invaders escaping the first heavy fire. Pillboxes are pits four feet deep which are covered with ten feet of logs, iron and sand

HOW WE REMOVE THE BLOCKADE

To remove these blockades battleships, cruisers, carriers, mine sweepers and convoys have a secret rendezvous, load and proceed to their objective. A barrage from ships' guns and air attack from planes envelop the island and attempt to knock out aircraft and fortifications.

Allied carrier-based fliers neutralize nearby airfields, fight off Jap dive bombers and fighters with the aid of ship AA guns. The island is approached through gaps in the barrier reef. The way is opened for landing craft through the outer barricades by shells, bombs, ship gunfire, bangalore and spar torpedoes and artillery.

Amphibious tractors, halftracks, in sufficient numbers to carry all of assault and reserve units to the beach, reduce early casualties of operation and neutralize barbed wire defenses.

Allied forces hit the beach, establish a beachhead under protective fire which keeps Japs in their holes and disorganizes them. Land mines and booby traps are located by engineers. Our forces must overpower resistance by concentrating on points of fire, beating off counterattacks and mopping up.



Eight-foot reinforced concrete double walls supported by oil drums filled with sand protect main command post of several rooms housing communications, ammunition and direction of attack and counter-attack



Jap torpedo planes protected by revetments must be knocked out by allied ship barrage, dive bombers, before they can use aerial torpedoes. Gun emplacements must be neutralized in same manner



Pillboxes and bombproofs require individual treatment. Bangalore, spar torpedoes made of TNT in bamboo poles or iron pipe must blast openings through gun slits for grenades, gasoline, MG fire



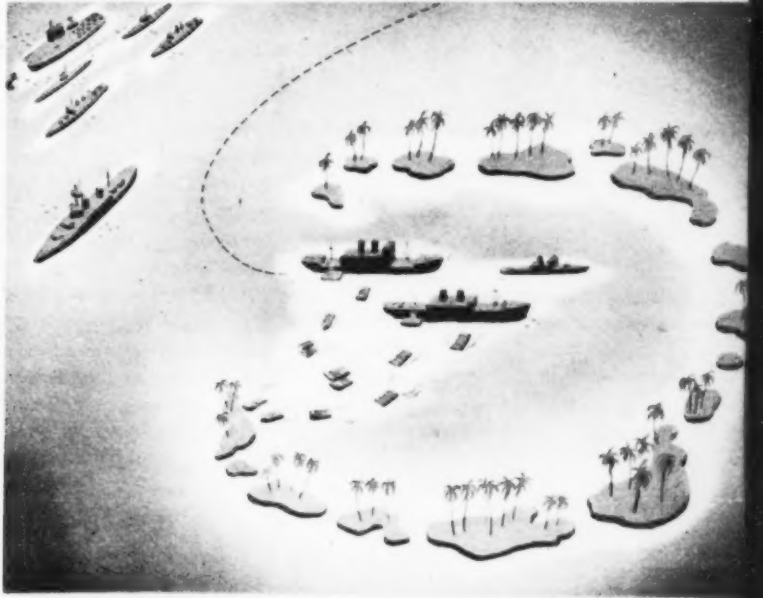
Personnel and tank flame throwers under protective machine gun and mortar fire must knock out all existing pillboxes and blockhouses, terrify and wipe out the occupants, stop those attempting to escape



Bulldozers and halftracks must be called in where other methods fail, drag 75-mm guns and 37-mm pack howitzers up to pillbox gun slit. Shells smash openings. Bulldozers yank top off, fill opening



Tanks, amphib tractors, LCPs and ducks, equipped with MGs and cannon should transport the assault reserve units, batter through barriers, barbed wire, in order to reduce casualties in the landing operations



Once beachhead has been established, supplies, water, ammunition, equipment must be brought quickly via calm waters of lagoon to personnel from convoy to landing barge, amphibious tractor, beach

You too can, SWOON 'em

A brightened-up smile often turns the trick



Snap into it, Marine! Don't keep that naturally bright smile of yours "under wraps" any longer. Bring it out for everyone to see. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste will help you do this quickly.

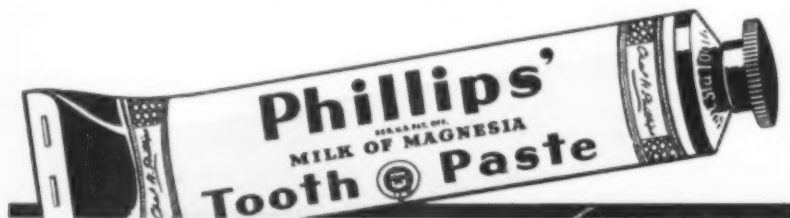
Phillips' has the rating of a top-rank cleaner. It attacks and destroys ugly film, and makes naturally white teeth fairly sparkle.

And, Phillips' gives you plus action because it contains the equivalent of

75% genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, one of the best known acid neutralizers.

You'll find that Phillips' tasty, minty flavor leaves your mouth refreshed, clean. Your breath like a whiff of Springtime. Try it after smoking for proof!

Next time, get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste or, if you prefer, ask for the equally effective Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Powder at your PX or elsewhere.



BASEBALL'S key bosses predicted last winter that the game would continue throughout 1944 even though all teams have shifted many stars to a "new" major league team, the Armed Forces. Questions about 20 ballpark heroes, now in the service, are listed below. Allowing five points for each correct answer, we figure that you foxhole sportpage editors should be able to score 80 out of 100 possible; reporters, 65, and fans, 50. See page 67 for correct answers.

1 Can you name the Chicago White Sox second baseman who recently went into the Army Air Forces?

2 So. Pac. Marines might see a Cleveland Indians' star pitcher, now a CPO in the Navy, named

3 As an ensign in the Merchant Marine, what Yankee will be a long way from the Stadium's left field?

4 From the Washington Senators' first base to Italy in the Army is the long path travelled by

5 What Boston Red Sox, a 1942 Sporting News All-Star, recently went into Navy air?

6 When the Army got a Signal Corps man, the Detroit Tigers lost a right-hand pitcher named

7 A Brooklyn Dodger shortstop who managed the Norfolk NAS basketball team last winter is

8 The Navy won a first baseman, now at Bainbridge, Md., from the New York Giants named

9 Whose little boy Jimmie left the St. Louis Cards' second base to go with the Army Ferrying Command?

10 A Senators' third baseman who is now piloting Army paratroops planes overseas is

11 Howie Pollet, now a new Air Corps lieutenant, used to be a star pitcher for the

12 A Marine for nearly two years, is a Philadelphia National League right-hand pitcher named

13 A six-foot Cincinnati Red who recently soared from outfield into Army's air is

14 Just out of boot camp, what former New York state-born, Detroit Tiger pitcher is now a sailor?

15 Milwaukee Brewers lost their prexy and the Marines gained a private first class named

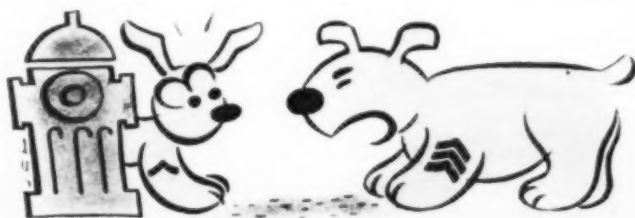
16 Detroit's \$50,000 rookie gardener who recently became an Army Air Force lieutenant is

17 Nearly finished with Naval Aviation training is a former Red Sox outfielder named

18 Now a Lieutenant Commander at Great Lakes, the former catcher and manager from Detroit is

19 A southpaw center fielder from the Dodgers and now at Fort Riley, Kansas, is named

20 Once a star pitcher for Connie Mack and now serving his country in the Canadian Army is



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A visit to Hollywood Stadium

FOR a quarter of a century one of the leading attractions for visitors in California has been the Hollywood Legion Stadium. This is an establishment or arena where a patron may be assured of an excellent card of boxing and an excellent view of numerous heroes and heroines of the cinema, as it is sometimes called in Hollywood.

There isn't another fight club in the country like the Hollywood stadium. Years ago it wasn't unusual to see the late Fatty Arbuckle dozing in a front pew seat or have Charlie Chaplin skip through the ropes and second an ear-battered pugilist. And it hasn't been too long ago since your keen observer saw Maxie Rosenbloom nearly separated from his pants in the center of the ring by Joe E. Brown and several others, and soon after watch Miss Lana Turner carry on in a gentle little necking scene with her flame-of-the-moment just a few rows back in the smoky darkness of the jam-packed hall.

It might be added that Miss Turner has since stamped out this flame and kindled a few more, and the Chaplin incidents occurred during a period when he was more concerned with prizefights than conducting advanced courses in the drama in his hilltop home in Beverly Hills. On Friday nights, anyhow.

Nor has the passing of Lana's necking or Chaplin's current drama endeavors lessened interest. We made a recent check and discovered that the stadium has not changed a bit. George Raft remains its most regular spectator. He's had the same pair of seats since the time he tossed a quarter into the air (in "Scarface") and pocketed a million dollars. Nothing changes with him except the gal he brings to the fights.

That reminds us that the stadium is something of a barometer of Hollywood fame. Until you're successful or notorious, you sit eight or 10 rows back, if you can buy a seat at all. We recall the Bud Abbott case well. Bud was a genuine fight fan,

but he was just another ex-burlesque comic when he first hit this town. The best he could do was Row N, Aisle 12. But one day he and Lou Costello became famous and Bud moved up to row AA without further delay.

The No. 1 fight patron may be George Raft, but the A No. 1 female attendant is Miss Lupe Velez. She also is much more of a spectacular fan than George. Often Lupe is a better show than the fight, especially if one of her countrymen from south of the border is on display. "Geeve it to heem" from Lupe resounds over all the noise.

On a recent visit to the stadium we asked Lupe if she would take a bow from the ring and pose for a photo by THE LEATHERNECK. She not only agreed, but insisted that "a real Ma-reen get up too so Lupe can hug the beeg strong Mareen." It wasn't hard to locate a big strong Ma-reen who wanted to get hugged by Lupe, same being a sergeant from Dago named Wayne Corbin, and you should have heard the crowd cheer when Lupe put the squeeze on him. Then, after Announcer Dan Tobey

Quiet settles over the place, barring perhaps the strident tones of Announcer Tobey revealing that they have wrestling in the arena every Monday night. After a brief interval—Lupe's track record is a little under two minutes—she brushes out of the powder room and begins her march of triumph back to ringside. The alert gallery picks her up as soon as she steps off, and the stamp-stamp, clap-clap continues and carries her to her seat.

Nor is Lupe ungrateful for this demonstration of affection. No, not Lupe. She turns full face from the ring, gives her adoring gallery a wide sweeping wave, smiles and shrieks something that sounds like "Bless you," perhaps in Spanish, and then sits down. The tumult is thunderous. It's quite a show, and so is Lupe, bless her—in English.

We regret to add that we couldn't get a picture of this particular event on the night we were there. We even suggested that perhaps Miss Velez would care to walk out, and then walk back, but Lupe said no. She either suspected something, or else she just didn't want to go. . . .

Perhaps you would like to hear about the time Joe E. Brown tried to take Maxie Rosenbloom's pants off. It was all unheard-of. Everything was going along smoothly enough. Dan Tobey was urging all the celebrities in the house to come up and take a bow. Dan delights in doing this, and usually the stars have more fun than



"What's the gizmo?" ask Hollywood boys Bob Taylor, Chico Marx, Pat O'Brien, Raft and Brown



How Maxie Rosenbloom 'most lost his pants to Jolson, Rooney, Brown, O'Brien, Robinson, Chico

had introduced her as "The sweetheart of the Marines," and the crowd yelled again, Lupe declared, with genuine feeling, "This, believe me, is the proudest moment of my life." She sounded like she meant it.

Many is the time we've seen Lupe make her entrance into the stadium. Nothing is lacking except a fanfare from a bugle corps. The crowd in her beloved gallery gives her a big hand as she sails along toward her seat at ringside.

But the biggest hand, yes, much the biggest, comes later in the evening, along about 9:30, just before the main event—if Lupe chooses. Suddenly the gallery, which has been waiting, sights Lupe heading up the aisle going to see a man about what you go to see a man about. Lupe walks with firm, rather long strides, her head back and chin up. She ain't one bit bashful, you might say. When Lupe has to go, she goes.

Immediately the gallery picks up the cadence of her step and stamps and claps hands in tune with her stride. Up the long aisle, and then around the walkway between the gallery and the reserved seat section she goes, and then she disappears with something of a grand flourish or exit.

the crowd. Brown always knocked himself out turning handsprings and taking pratt-falls in the ring, and one night Jimmy Braddock, when he was the champ, all but broke Joe's jaw with a playful punch.

Well, Joe and Maxie were in the ring, and so were Jack Benny and Chico Marx (Harpo wasn't there that night), Alan Hale, George Burns and a few other regulars, when suddenly Rosenbloom was down and Joe E., Mickey Rooney and Chico were tangled around him and Maxie was on the verge of losing his trousers. The 6500 on-lookers were in an uproar, and so was Rosenbloom. The pants were down to his knees before Brown let up.

Later Maxie apologized for being so stubborn about it. He said he couldn't recall whether he had remembered to wear drawers that night, and he thought it would be pretty embarrassing for everyone, including himself, if he hadn't. Luckily, he hadn't forgotten to dress formally that evening.

Well, that's all there is to this. Often we think that movie actors can be crazier than people sometimes, though.

RHM



Lupe is introduced to the fans as Marines' sweetheart, aided and abetted by Sgt. Corbin

Janet Blair—Opposite Page



WE—the Marines



OUR own M-2 agent sends us an S-C report of this little problem which came up in connection with the replacement of one unit of men Marines by their women counterparts. Seems the 18 men in the group had been transported daily from their barracks to their working place in one of those trucks with the bleacher seat arrangement along either side.

First day that the WR's piled into the truck only 16 of them could squeeze in, eight on each side. The truck driver, being a man of habit, tradition and quick exasperation, vividly pointed out that the two seats had been accommodating a cargo of 18 southern exposures for a good many weeks and for his money still should.

After the driver had finished, a pert little miss, one of the two not yet aboard, piped up:

"But sergeant, they had broad shoulders!"

PFC Clifton T. Lambert, who now is stationed in San Diego, is praying that he gets into a Marine outfit that goes to China or Burma. Lambert, only 27 years old, was assistant manager of a big New York truck firm from 1935 until 1941. Then he volunteered, along with half a hundred other U. S. transportation executives, to go to China. Here the Americans worked at the job of getting lend-lease supplies into Free China. After his tour of duty was up last year, Lambert returned home and, straightway, joined the Corps.



Gunnery Sergeant Nicholas Seminick of Muse, Pa., was a fighting Marine for five months. He was in most of the Solomons actions. Then his outfit was sent farther south for a rest. Seminick fell off a horse and broke his leg. It was a bad break and he had to be sent back to the States for treatment. But Seminick, even with a game leg, has proved a valuable Marine. He's one of the champion speech-makers of enlisted men in the Corps.

The Pennsylvania sergeant is in a California hospital. One day he was permitted to make a speech at a small war plant near Los Angeles. He spoke of Southwest Pacific action in salty, clipped fashion. The speech went over with a bang. The war workers asked for him back. Since then Gunnery Sergeant Seminick has made more than 60 speeches, all in small war plants.

Tommy Gleason of "Tommy Gleason's Royal Guards" now is doing some guard duty at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego. Private Gleason was the head man of a male quartette of singers which you may have seen on Broadway during the last 10 years. Most recently they've appeared in "Let's Face It" and "Ziegfeld Follies". Most of the other "Royal Guards" are in the army, but their headman insisted on the Marines.

Politicians seeking straws in the wind should not overlook an election staged by a Paramarine unit on a Southwest Pacific island, as reported by Corporal Paul Pare.

Promising the voters such enticing improvements as "a flying fox in every foxhole to keep you company during air raids, a four-lane highway completely encircling the island for those who wish to return to this Pacific paradise on their honeymoon after the war and six-month furloughs twice a year," PFC John N. Dougherty was elected "governor" of the island on the Democratic ticket.

Sergeant William D. Cain, elected Island Woman Hunter, stated his gratitude to the voters in these words:

"I pledge I will carry out the responsibilities of my position, and hope

(turn page)



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solves many Q.M. problems

WHEN Kellogg introduced the ORIGINAL eat-cereals-out-of-the-box package, it solved a whale of a lot of Q. M. problems. Less tinware. Less "dish" washing materials. Tighter package with crisper, fresher contents. Cleaner food handling. And the men like 'em, too. A personal touch to the individual serving. Less waiting in the chow line. The cereals themselves taste swell. And are they nourishing? Kellogg Cereals are either whole grain or the equal of whole grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential for human nutrition. No wonder Kellogg's Kel-BOWL-Pac and Kellogg Cereals hit the target with officers and men.

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VICTORY HUTS

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Illustration drawn from actual photograph

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Not only that, but the Army got it *quickly*—for Victory Huts take as little as *six man-hours* a unit to erect—and got it *economically*, at a saving of \$30 to \$50 per man housed.

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bination to supply not only personnel housing but headquarters, hospital, mess-hall and other camp installations.

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for efficiency.

my efforts will justify the faith you have placed in me—but I think everybody will understand when I say I haven't much material to work with."

PFC John R. McDermott was swept into office as Official Foxhole Inspector, and his job will be to test every foxhole for size (as prescribed by the island local of the Foxhole Union).

"Just remember that any man who digs in deeper than six feet will be reported AWOL," he says.

Staff Sergeant Daniel Hann, defeated candidate for governor, issued this statement after the votes were counted:

"It was a clean cut case of sabotage by the enemy. Every time I tried to make a speech the Japs would start dropping bombs and my audience would disperse to their foxholes. No one ever knew what I was going to do for them".

"Now that the election's over, I'd like at least to tell you what you'd have if I had been elected. There would be a chicken dumpling in every mess gear, payday every day, with a holiday routine every payday, and for each and every man a portable foxhole with zipper to match."

Corporal Albert A. Hoffman, who was campaign manager for both parties "so I could be sure to be on the winning side," passed around a cigar to be puffed by the victorious candidates and proclaimed loser Hann to be "a bounder and a cad—long live the Honorable John M. Dougherty."



Speaking of boot gyrenes in their thirties, 34-year-old Harris K. Cosminsky of Mobile, Ala., was asked some rather searching questions by the Marine recruiting officer before he was permitted to enlist.

"Do you think," said the officer, eyeing Cosminsky keenly, "that you'll be able to stand up to that Marine training? It can get pretty rugged, sometimes."

"I think I can stand it, sir," said Harris.

"By the way," asked the officer, "what sort of work do you do? What's your profession?"

"Aw, I'm a boardwall-crasher with a travelling motorcycle show," explained Cosminsky. "I ride a motorcycle, at 50 mph or so, through a burning boardwall. I've been doing it for more than two years, so it will be nice getting a change."

To the list of well-qualified men who snubbed swivel-chair commissions to become enlisted Marines you may add the name of PFC William L. Veeck, Jr.

Veeck comes from a family of organized baseball executives. His father, the late William L. Veeck, was president of the Chicago Cubs from 1916 to 1933. PFC Veeck was



"I Usta Pose For Them 'Uncle Sam Needs You' Billboards"

treasurer for the Cubs from '33 to '41. Then he bought a controlling interest in the Milwaukee Brewers and became president of that American Association club. He is 29 years old and the father of three children.

The baldish, six-feet, two-inch Veeck long has had an ambition to become a Marine Raider. So, he turned down offers of Army and Navy commissions and enlisted in the Corps last Autumn as a private. In boot camp, Veeck was "Honor Man" of his platoon, fired sharpshooter with the rifle, qualified as an expert swimmer and generally had a fine time of it. He requested transfer to the Marine Raider Training Camp at Camp Pendleton. At last reports he was with a replacement battalion at Camp Elliott. And, it may be, that PFC Veeck will wind up with the Raiders.



"Okay!! Who Th' Hell's The Wise Guy?"

Marines stationed in New Zealand have found one diversion that doesn't match the usual conception of life in the South Pacific—skiing on Mount Cook, in the Southern Alps of South Island.



Here is the dilemma of Sergeant Paul C. Bonham, Jr., communications chief for a Marine unit in the Southwest Pacific, as reported by Staff Sergeant Richard J. Murphy, Jr., combat correspondent:

Sergeant Bonham's cigarette lighter was put out of action on Guadalcanal, so he sent it back to the factory in the States. After a month, he got a letter saying the lighter was being repaired and would he please be patient, since the factory was swamped with work. Another month, another letter, same dope.

A third letter said the lighter was repaired and would be sent back on receipt of 50 cents. So he sent the money. Two weeks later he got a fourth letter, bawling him out for not sending the money. It wound up by stating that persons who refused to pay their legal obligations were "hindering the war effort."

Finally, several weeks later, the lighter arrived. It works beautifully, or rather it would if Sergeant Bonham had any lighter fluid. He's using matches now.

A D. I. in the San Diego Recruit Depot was telling us the other day about a boot in one of his platoons who has an unusually good voice for giving commands. This recruit's name is Pvt. Eddie B. Williams and he comes from Paris, Kentucky. On investigating, we found that Private Williams has the right sort of background to become a champion "cadence counter". Opera singer? No.

Eddie was a tobacco auctioneer, and, one of the best. He's 18 now. He had worked for a Kentucky tobacco company for five years. When he was only 14 he won a "national tobacco auctioneering contest" and he began chanting over two radio programs.

"The way that kid can count cadence is sweet music to my ears," commented Williams' drill instructor.

(turn page)



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WE THE MARINES (continued)

This concerns the Strines—PFC Frank Strine and his wife, who is rather pretty and not too strong looking. Strine is an ex-seagoing Marine aboard the USS Pennsylvania, with a six-year hitch behind him, and he may have another rating by the time this comes out.

Anyhow, Mrs. Strine and several other wives of Marines work in a neat little cafe in San Clemente, Calif., which is about 16 miles north of Camp Pendleton's front gate and easy liberty distance for Frank. We don't mind telling you that the name of the cafe is the Sea Shore and its owners are swell to Marines and their wives.

This cafe, too, has a unique rule. Every time one of the help is caught talking too long to a Marine, she pays a 10 cent fine. The dough goes into a kitty—which is then used to buy bus tickets or a meal for Marines who need either, or both. All the help talk to Marines.

One day, however, the place was in an uproar. Some new people had come into town and had bought the apartment building where the Strines lived, and had bluntly told Mrs. Strine to move out. She was all upset, because she doesn't look too strong anyhow, and only that morning she'd paid a month's rent on the place.

It wasn't until two weeks later that we found out what had resulted. The Strines didn't have to move.

In the first place, a Marine major—Hoffman was the name we got—heard about it and beat it up on the double from Camp Pendleton and raised so much hell with the owners they didn't dare make the Strines move. We thought it was swell of the major. Then the local OPA took over and told Mrs. Strine she could stay in the place as long as she wanted.

That's the end of the story except one day Mrs. Strine found another and nicer place to live and decided to move out—and wasn't bothered about giving any notice to her old landlords. We're glad she didn't.



He Takes His Rank Seriously

A Marine we ran into, PFC George Arkelian, has a different slant on the subject of wearing campaign ribbons. This guy won't wear any, although he spent many months in action at Guadalcanal.

He said it was all right if fellows wanted to wear them, but he didn't—because he didn't think it was fair to civilians.

Very seriously, and most sincerely, he explained that he thought it gave civilians an untrue picture of war as he saw it. Campaign ribbons, he said, brought a certain amount of glamor to war.

He went on to say, and everyone who has earned them knows it is true, that the bright ribbons invariably draw attention to the wearer, and envy on the part of those who haven't got any. Arkelian doesn't think there is any part of war that merits envy.

"The only boys who really deserve to wear campaign ribbons," he concluded, "are those boys who won't come back. They are the only heroes of this war."

Thoughtful fellow, PFC Arkelian, from Detroit. As for fellows who wear campaign ribbons who haven't seen service in the field—well, his words aren't quite printable.

End

Corp. Fordyce: spells nemesis for Japs



In advancing towards a dugout blocking the path to the Gavutu hillside caves, August 7, 1942, Paramarine Corp. Ralph W. Fordyce was attacked by a Jap. The Marine, in a hand-to-hand encounter, sent the Shambo ancestor-hunting and took charge of the rifle.



Cries from the first Jap brought two more to his assistance. Wheeling about, Fordyce used the captured Nip rifle to eliminate the two attackers and continued towards the Jap dugout whose machine gun was spraying a murderous fire on the Marines' path.



By moving too speedily to permit snipers to draw a bead, Fordyce continued on up the hillside, picking up a submachine gun on the way. Approaching the dugout from the side, he sprung fearlessly through the opening and sprayed the startled Nip occupants with

several short bursts of hot lead. Fatal wounds were inflicted on five Japs, including an officer. With the dugout rendered ineffective the way was cleared for Fordyce and members of his battalion to proceed up the hill and clean out the remaining limestone caves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
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Thanks, all you servicemen who entered the "SHOE OF TOMORROW" contest. Some of you won War Bonds, but you will all reap the benefits of the contest after the war—when the W. L. Douglas Company will be able to offer you shoes, which you helped to design, to suit your individual needs!

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FOXHOLE FOLLIES



"FOXHOLE FOLLIES" is the hit of the South Pacific circuit this season. It's one of the productions of a versatile group of Marine communications men who have banded together into the Sopac Combat Shows for the entertainment of their buddies overseas.

The cast, 17 ex-civilian entertainers of assorted talents, first performed on the transport that took them to New Caledonia and they've now hoofed their way right into the battle zone by popular demand. In fact, Sopac Shows is booked solid for as long as it can stay together.

Costumes and props are the product of ingenuity and whatever is at hand—wigs for the "gals", for instance, usually are dyed swabs. But this hasn't prevented a repertoire as varied as that on Broadway, ranging from "The Man Who Came to Dinner" to the cast-written "Follies" of which these pictures were taken.



Blonde bombshell of cast is "Georgia from New Georgia," bothered swain Pvt. Les Brecht, show director with nine years in burlesque



Finale finds entire troupe singing Brecht's composition, "Marching Along with the Allies." Cast performs for members of all services

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SHOW-GAL

This show-gal is the type for me.
About her there's nothing slow.
Though this Glamazon has little on
She still has plenty to show.



DEBUTANTE

I'd love to date this debutante
She's so veddy hale and hearty.
If I can pass in her high class
I may get in on her
coming-out party.



OUTDOOR GIRL

She loves to be in the Great Outdoors,
Where there's life and love and laughter.
The open season gives her plenty of reason
To be as game as the game she's after.



HOME TYPE

She loves to cook and sew and clean,
She's a whizz at her home-work—
and how!
Her eyes are blue, her hair's gold, too.
But boy, could I go for her chow!



WAR WORKER

To win the war she's gone to work
On the swing-shift—seven to three.
From three to seven I'd be in Heaven
If she'd swing her shift to me.



DE GRASS

Serving the Services



DON'T SCRATCH itchy minor skin irritations or simple skin rashes. Sprinkle Mexsana on your skin to ease out the itch and burn. Mexsana the soothing, medicated powder cools the burn of skin chafe, helps prevent it. Has lots of year-round uses. Costs little. Get Mexsana.

AT EASE from simple headache, neuralgia and other inorganic pain, with St. Joseph Aspirin handy. No aspirin is faster-acting than St. Joseph Aspirin, the world's largest seller at 10c. High quality is guaranteed when the name on the box says "St. Joseph Aspirin."

TOUGH SPOT to be in when spots dirty your uniform. Mufti, the multi-use spot remover takes out many kinds of spots from many kinds of materials—uniforms, hats, caps, ties, gloves. You'll find Mufti makes lots of cleaning jobs easy. Keep it handy. Ask for Mufti.

MINOR BURNS, cuts, bruises and scratches are all in a day's work, so use Penetro. Rub it also on sore achy muscles due to exercise, or colds. Penetro does a real soothing job because it's a salve with powerful modern medication in a base containing old-fashioned mutton suet. Always get Penetro.

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Baffled by Barbed Wire... but his Smile is no Problem!

**Reserve or Rookie—
gums, as well as teeth,
need care. Start today
with Ipana and massage!**

THE rookie is learning the "finer points" of barbed wire entanglements—yes, definitely! He's a conscientious guy, thoroughly "wrapped up" in his work! But though he's baffled by barbed wire—he's in the clear about one thing, his smile. Daily he cares for his gums, as well as his teeth.

And today, that's a wise thing to do. For today's soft, creamy foods don't give

gums all the exercise they need. Sometimes, gums tend to grow weak and flabby from lack of work. And that's the reason why it's so often wise to put your gums through special maneuvers—to make what many modern dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage" part of your daily routine!

Whenever you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little extra Ipana on your gums. Some of the Marine Corps' most sparkling teeth, most healthy gums, most successful smiles owe a lot to Ipana and massage. So get Ipana Tooth Paste today—at your drug store or P.X.

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IPANA



AND MASSAGE

Your Field Lesson:

Assembling *the Pack*

PUTTING your knapsack and haversack together once you have packed your gear is not the baffling job that it appears to be if you follow carefully the steps shown in the pictures below. The haversack is on the right as you look at the pictures, with the knapsack on the left or below the haversack. Care should also be taken that your gear is packed so that it will not be able to shift around and thereby pull your completed pack out of line and result in extra strain on your back.



1 Here knapsack coupling strap is passed through coupling of the haversack



2 Strap is brought across the base of haversack, passed through coupling



3 Steps completed, strap ready for last coupling, drawing packs together



4 Packs are turned over as haversack suspender, belt straps picked up



5 Suspender put through belt ring, doubled and drawn through keeper



6 Belt strap put through knapsack loop and pulled back to loop at bottom



7 Put strap through loop and follow 4 to 7 for second pair of straps



8 Haversack and belt pack straps are hooked after following steps 4, 5, 6, 7



9 Packs turned over. Belt, suspender straps pulled together to be attached



10 Complete coupling by hooking the other straps, using same procedure



11 Straps are seen hooked together to form "X" across covers of packs



12 Reverse packs, take up front belt supports to snap onto cartridge belt



13 Front belt hooks being snapped onto cartridge belt, final assembly step



14 Completed pack may be hoisted to shoulders, belt hooked about waist

End



For Hair that's Neat and Well-Groomed— Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

IF your Vitalised topknot doesn't draw a female stag line your way—don't be burned up! For Vitalis isn't really magical. It just seems so—the way girls go for the guy whose handsome hair is groomed with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." But seeing's believing—so try Vitalis yourself!

With a brisk, vigorous massage, rub Vitalis onto your tight, dry scalp.

That tingle tells you that your scalp circulation is speeding up. And all the while your hair is gaining added protection against sun and water.

Next, comb your hair. It stays neatly in place—has a luxurious, lustrous look, with no unwanted "patent-leather" shine. Start the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" today—at all drug stores or your nearest P.X.

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VITALIS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Wartime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you get *all three* benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps rout loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.



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Ingram's helps condition your face for smooth shaving while it wilts your wiry whiskers!

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Ingram's "gives out" with a rich, speedy lather that wilts the toughest beards. Your razor breezes through the stubble at P-38 speed shaves you close as Webster is to dictionary. And mister, all the time that COOL, COOL Ingram's lather soothes your face helps

condition your skin for a smooth, comfortable shave.

And that's not all. Long after the final maneuver of your whisking blade, that Ingram's coolness lingers on. Your cheek and chin keep on feeling braced and refreshed—and in addition your face looks smoother, happier, younger.

Give your face a real treat. Make the Post Exchange or the nearest drug store your next objective and ask for Ingram's Shaving Cream. In jar or tube—it's swell!



IN JAR OR TUBE
INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM



Product of Bristol-Myers



The Last Act

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

THE moment was drawing near, the glorious moment when he would plunge into eternity and clasp hands with his ancestors. And yet . . . his mind cringed at the thought. It wasn't that he was unwilling to join his ancestors, Matasoga told himself, but only that he didn't want it to happen so soon.

Perhaps he had lived in America too long and had absorbed too much of that country's decadent philosophy. He enjoyed living and could not bring himself to be as fond of death as his fellow Japanese. His stay in America had been pleasant. He had not been an outstanding actor; he had not been given the roles he deserved, although he had made a comfortable living in the movies.

But Matasoga had been ambitious and had begun reading literature from Japan which said his countrymen were badly treated by Americans, that the Americans wanted to keep the Japanese down forever because they knew the Japanese were a superior race. This helped Matasoga decide that Hollywood was deliberately denying him a chance to show his acting talent, so he had left America and had come to Japan to be a cinema star in his own country.



He sank to his knees, clutched his heart. Then with a sigh the sniper fell to the ground and lay still

However, even in Japan he never got the break he deserved and always seemed to wind up with a minor role. That's the way it had been when he was drafted into the Imperial Army and that's how he happened to be in this precarious position, only a few minutes removed from a reunion with his ancestors.

Crouched in his sniper's nest, well hidden by the huge jungle tree's dense foliage, Matasoga breathed an inaudible sigh. He knew the cards of his fate had been shuffled for the last time. The main body of his Japanese comrades had been driven far behind him by the fierce attack of the American Marines.

From his vantage point, Matasoga watched and kept his rifle pointed toward a small clearing. Perhaps he would kill more of the enemy, but other Americans would hear his shots now and he was sure to be discovered.

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Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

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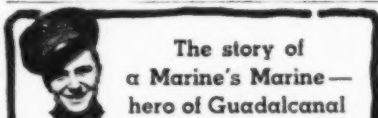


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The story of
a Marine's Marine—
hero of Guadalcanal

Al Schmid MARINE

By Roger Butterfield

Here is the unglamorized life story of a guy who never wanted to be a hero—just a good marine. At the Tenaru River battle he manned a machine gun single-handed after his squad had all been killed or wounded. When they picked him up, wounded and blinded, there were over 200 dead Japs piled before Al's gun. Illustrated. \$2.00

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For there was no one to come to his aid. He was alone. There had been other Japanese snipers in nearby trees, but they had all been killed. Somehow only he had escaped the attention of the Americans.

So now it was his duty to shed as much of the enemy's blood as possible, then to die in battle. Or else, of course, to commit hara-kari, to plunge his bayonet into his own belly and so with his own hand bring down hallowed wreaths of glory upon himself.

Either way would be a beautiful death, a fitting manner to greet eternity. For what could be nobler than to die with honor and pride for the Son of Heaven, thought Matasoga, but cold sweat rolled down his high-cheeked, yellow face at the prospect. He thought he heard soft, silken sounds in the distance that meant movement of men in the jungle, and his body stiffened.

The sounds became more distinct, and an American Marine appeared suddenly in the small clearing. Matasoga hesitated, then dutifully aimed and pulled the trigger.

There was a sharp report. The Marine wheeled and returned the fire quickly. Matasoga pulled the trigger again and the Marine slumped to the ground.

The exchange of shots shattered for Matasoga any illusions he might have had about the glory of dying. Now he knew he wanted to live. Desperately and terribly he wanted to live.

From the sounds in the jungle, he knew the shots had been heard and that other Marines were coming to investigate. He must act quickly if he meant to escape with his life. If he stayed in the tree he was certain to be spotted by the vengeful comrades of the fallen Marine. If he tried to leave they would soon overtake him. They were too near already for him to attempt escape.

Suddenly Matasoga had an idea. He had noticed that the Marine in the clearing was not dead, that his eyes were open and alert, searching the trees for his enemy. Matasoga decided to let himself fall to the ground, pretending that the Marine's bullet had wounded him mortally. He would act his best to convince the Marine that he was dead. Then, when the Marine's comrades came they would not bother with Matasoga. After they had gone, he would escape.

So Matasoga fell out of the tree. He got to his feet with an expression of horrible agony, stumbled about and groaned. He sank to his knees, clutched his heart, winced and bit his lips. Then, with a plaintive sigh, he fell to the ground and lay still.

A few seconds later three more Marines broke into the clearing. One man bent over their wounded comrade, while the other two stood with their rifles poised, ceaselessly searching the trees around them with grim eyes.

"How you doin', Mac?" Matasoga heard one of the Marines ask.

"I'm all right," came the reply. "Got winged in the shoulder and leg. The dirty yellow bastard that did it is dead behind those bushes. I got him all right."

The three Marines picked up the wounded man and started back with him. They were coming right past the place where Matasoga lay, and the Jap sniper held his breath, feeling very happy about his own cleverness.

But suddenly the wounded Marine grabbed a pistol from the holster of one of the men carrying him and began shooting at Matasoga. The Jap cried out in pain and horror, then rolled over and was still.

"I didn't think that sonofabitch was really dead," the wounded Marine said.

The other men gently lowered him to the ground and examined the Jap sniper's body.

"He's dead now, all right," one of them said. "What made you think he was faking?"

The wounded Marine grinned and said: "He was such a ham—like somebody in a grade B movie."

End



Let's All Sing The Marine Hymn

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HEADACHE...OCCASIONAL
UPSET STOMACH...
MUSCULAR ACHES
AND PAINS!

• No use being miserable with these common complaints when Alka-Seltzer can give such quick definite relief. Next time you stop at the drug store ask for Alka-Seltzer Tablets, in 60c or 30c packages. Or get Alka-Seltzer by the glass at the soda fountain.



Alka-Seltzer

How the Sergeant Looks

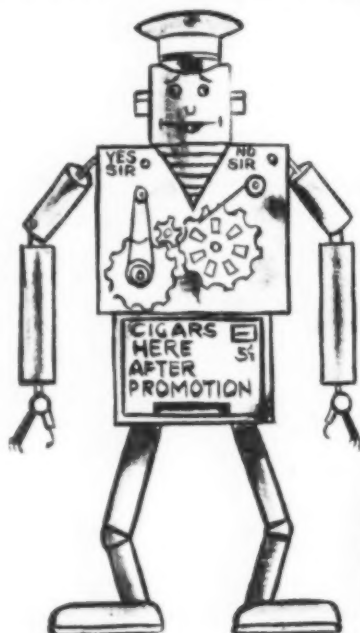
TO HIS MEN—

He looks like a combination of vampire and Frankenstein monster hovering over them, just waiting for someone to dope off, then grab him and take him up to see the man



TO HIS "CO"—

He's just a robot who does everything he is ordered to do efficiently and promptly, entirely by mechanics and of course without using brains



TO HIS WIFE—

He's the smart little lad who eats from her hand and is always fast and willing to hand over greenbacks



TO OLD SALTS—

He is just a babe under arms, only an earbanging upstart who thinks after his first cruise he is the saltiest and toughest sarge in the whole Marine Corps



TO HIMSELF—

A very modest person, but a little like Cary Grant, but mostly Gable in looks; has a definite power over women which he will explain at length on any occasion; polishes his halo every day

Some things haven't changed!

THE PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE



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Only perfect grain specimens for these deluxe pipes circled with 14K solid gold band. Truly, "Perfection in a pipe" —\$7.50

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OR TIPPED
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Why do men in service prefer Raleighs? That's an easy one to answer!

You see, Raleighs are made of the lightest, brightest *golden* tobacco money can buy. What's more, Raleigh tobacco is *pre-war* tobacco—fully aged and mellowed.

It's no wonder so many men in service are saying, "Raleighs, please." Why don't *you* try a pack today?

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CIGARETTES

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Wednesdays, NBC Network.

Get daily
shaves
in comfort

SPECIAL PREPARATION
PROTECTS YOUR SKIN—

*Needs no brush—
Not sticky or greasy*

★

Daily shaving can often be a source of irritation to tender skin. To help solve this problem—and to eliminate the bother of a wet shaving brush, Williams perfected Glider, a rich, soothing cream. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

Smooths, softens skin

Glider is quick and easy to use. Just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then spread on Glider with your fingers—never a brush.

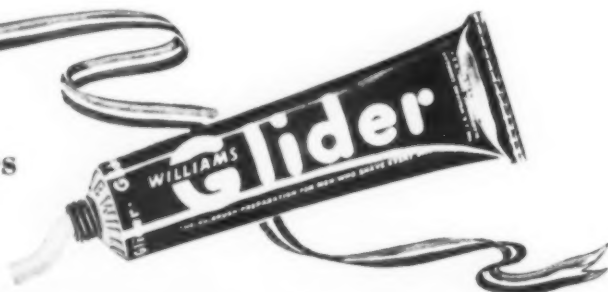
Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It forms a fine protective film between the razor's sharp edge and your skin . . . enabling the blade to glide over your face. Completely softened whiskers are cut off smoothly at the skin line without scraping or irritation.

Eliminates danger of frequent shaving

For men in service, Glider is invaluable. It saves time and fuss . . . and eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender skin. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Get some today.

In tubes
or jars



Luau

—a la Marine

HAWAIIAN "LUAU" IS PIG ROAST. MARINES AT HONO-
LULU USED TURKEY FOR VERSION OF FETE AT REST HOME
FOR CIVILIAN NURSES ON PALM-DOTTED POHALA BEACH



No one needed a second chow bumps and there was no scrambling for chairs when the "luau" was ready. SSgt. George Stupar served



What's better eating than turkey leg with pretty nurse as partner? Lucky Marine is Cpl. Harley C. Ross, veteran of seven sea battles



After the feast came relaxation. Handy with a ukulele, Mrs. Grace Randall played and sang native Hawaiian songs for other party



More strenuous was the nurses' contest to "unhorse" each other in the surf. Left couple won this match second after camera snapped



"Luau" came to happy end with indoor games after dark. We don't know what this game is but action surprises Jean Alexander, center
End



"Wait Till The Marines Hear About This—I've Developed A Hog That Yields SPAM Instead Of Ham"



Here are six of the grandest-tasting, ready-to-eat cereals you'll ever know. Open any of them and you'll cheer for your choice! Sooner or later you'll get a crack at 'em all. You'll get eating joy from any of these individual servings of Quaker Wheat, Rice or Corn Flakes, Whole Wheat Muffets and Rice or Wheat Sparkies. Always crisp and fresh.

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★ G I S T ★ OF THE NEWS

Marines, soldiers and a United States fleet far more powerful than the world's seaway has ever seen has smashed into the vitals of the Japanese Empire's Pacific stronghold. A carrier force slashed at Fortress Truk, went on to within 1400 miles of Tokyo to raid the important southern Marianas. At Truk, 201 planes were destroyed, 74 on the ground; 40 ships sunk and damaged. In the Marianas, 135 Jap planes were destroyed; two ships were sunk and nine damaged.

After Truk, catastrophe struck the Japanese

Gist Predicts

As a series of startling developments in the Pacific, GIST predicts the Philippines, then the China coast, will be gained much sooner than once expected, severing the main arteries of communication to the wealth-jammed Dutch East Indies, separating the Nips from their oceanic opulence.

But GIST points out that this will not bring defeat to Japan. For the island power has become a continental power with perhaps more than half of her industrial strength in Manchukuo, occupied China; with land forces far more impressive than her sea forces have ever been.

Jap air and surface fleets can no longer cope on an extended perimeter with unprecedented U. S. power, they will not try to. Hirohito will do what Hitler failed to do in Russia—shorten his lines, prepare for a continental war designed to exhaust Jap enemies.

From now until the Philippines, Nip forces in the islands will be expendables that Marines must kill with the least possible losses to themselves.

Army and Navy General staffs. Field Marshal General Sugiyama, Army chief of staff, Fleet Admiral Osami Nagano were relieved summarily of their commands. The move was without precedent.

Amphibious troops surprised the tough defenders of the Marshalls, cut around behind them, seized Kwajalein and Eniwetok on the western edge of the group. Thousands of Nips were cut off, left there to starve or die under a continuing, relentless bombing.

The Marshalls

The Marshalls' air pasting began in mid-November, never stopped. Three days before D-day, ships from Alaska, Hawaii, California, the Ellice islands, New Hebrides, New Zealand and Australia converged on an atoll not to the south or east, but halfway up the western Marshalls Ralik chain—Kwajalein. Aboard were Marines of the Fourth Division, Seabees, soldiers—veterans of Pearl Harbor, Tarawa, Guadalcanal, Munda, New Guinea, Attu, Casablanca, Sicily.

For three days Namur and Roi islands on the northeast corner of the atoll, Kwajalein island to the south were plowed up by 15,000 tons of high-explosive.

Two million tons of U. S. warships, transports, landing craft spewed 30,000 fighting men. As they swept ashore the landing forces encountered stiff resistance at some points, particularly on Kwajalein island, but it was limited to small-arms fire.

Marines hitting Roi, soldiers hitting Kwajalein island took over neighboring islets first, set up



The road to Tokyo has several approaches

artillery and at point-blank range continued the barrage. From Roi, site of the atoll's main air base, Marines pushed on to Namur. Most of the Marine casualties resulted from exploding ammunition dumps on Namur.

Resistance in the north ended in 24 hours. It took six days to subdue the entire atoll—largest in the world—and secure bases from which U. S. planes, warships can blockade the rest of the Marshalls.

Tornadic devastation greeted the Americans. More than 8100 Japs had been killed compared to 286 Marines and soldiers; not a stump stood more than a few feet high.

The razzle-dazzle had just begun with Kwajalein. The big U. S. team had the ball. A pass to the southwest Pacific brought the play to the Green Islands, 40 miles north of the Solomons. Their quick seizure sealed off thousands of isolated Japs and for all strategic purposes ended the slow and costly Solomons campaign.

Then the action bounced back to mid-Pacific where Marines, following up a fully effective naval and air bombardment, seized Eniwetok atoll, staging base for the supply of planes to the rest of the Marshalls and Gilberts in pre-Tarawa times. Eniwetok fell on the second day of the Truk party and after quick doctoring up by Seabee battalions was ready as a short-trip air raid threat to Kusaie and Wake, probably would be the jumping-off place for occupation of both in the very near future.

Japanese masterminds have devised no defense against the new U. S. encircling strategy. Volcanic, steep-sided Carolines bastions may call for slight changes in tactics, but the general pattern is set.

Truk

Occupation of Kwajalein, then Eniwetok in the western Marshalls, and success of the South Pacific campaigns, brought the Truk powerhouse within the range of the Liberator bombers on two sides.

Big Jap fleet units probably began shoving off when Marines and soldiers hit shell-shattered Kwajalein. Only two carriers remained of the heavy ships when two Marine observation bombers appeared unmolested over Truk two weeks before the initial task force arrived. These were gone when the attack began.

Truk's coral seawalls, 40-mile-wide lagoon, its powerful, pinnacled central islands and sheltered anchorages lay bared below as the American attack developed. Fortifications 20 years in the building spat a storm of flak and Zeros sprang to meet the American might that streaked through the polka-dot sky. In ship-packed harbors 40 vessels were sunk or damaged including two light cruisers, 201 Jap planes destroyed, 50 more damaged. U. S. losses totaled 17 planes. A single U. S. ship was damaged.

Chief significance of Truk's complete reduction would not be so much the take of ships as the disabling of harbor facilities there.

The speed and ease with which the Mitscher fleet turned from Truk to the Marianas was convincing evidence that the U. S. controls the Central Pacific. Since such a force requires repeated refuelings, must be constantly supplied with new assault material, the feat demonstrated the extent to which problems in logistics have been licked.

Guam, seized from the U. S. in 1942, was hit lightly, but the Marianas slash was concentrated on Saipan, most important Jap base in the group, and Tinian, a naval air base. All three are at the tip of the archipelago, 1400 miles from Tokyo.

Jap resistance here was fierce, but ineffectual. No U. S. ship was sunk or damaged, only six U. S. planes were lost while the Japs lost 135. There were few ships at Saipan. Two of them were sunk, nine damaged.

The scope of attack by far-ranging U. S. task forces is steadily widening, taking in more and more Jap hotspots like Kusaie and Ponape in the Carolines, Nauru, Wake and Marcus. The drumfire of hit-run attack is beating out a pattern of war that gives no clue to the next play for keeps.

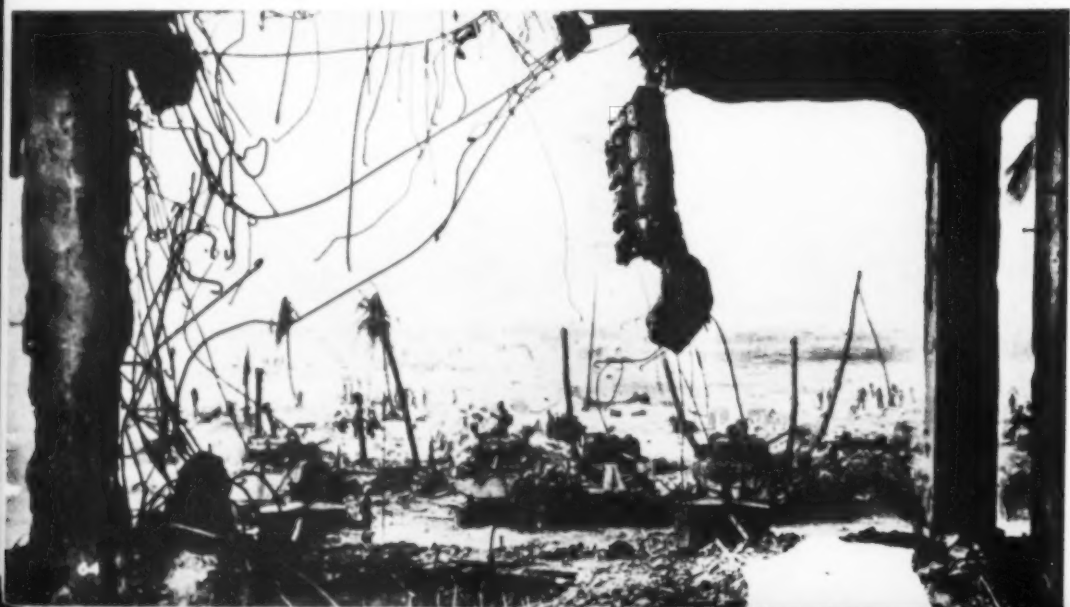


Note how terrific pre-invasion naval gunfire blasted this Namur "box" before Marines landed



Communications men were set up for business within minutes after landing on Kwajalein

It was not a case of "too little, too late" when Marines eliminated Nipponese forts and men on Roi Island in Marshalls as these tanks standing before a shattered building readily reveal



New Guinea

On New Guinea a Jap force of 14,000 was wiped out as Australian and U. S. troops joined forces east of Saidor, closing a pincers and gaining complete control of Huon peninsula.

On New Britain, Marines moving down from the north coast met soldiers moving from Arawe peninsula on the south, putting the western end of the big island in American hands. The pounding of Rabaul continued. All enemy warships have been withdrawn and shipping there is less than 50 per cent of normal.

The Jap shipping situation generally is becoming critical. The 135,000 Jap troops in the Southwest Pacific area are short of supplies. Prisoners taken by Australians were in a half-starved condition. Remaining Jap footholds on New Britain, New Guinea and isolated holdings in the Solomons may soon be abandoned completely.

European War

Battle-battered Europe presents no positive picture. Invasion from England appears more distant, may not precipitate until Fall. Heaviest fighting in the Italian war is taking place on the Anzio beachhead near Rome where under personal orders from Hitler the Nazis are struggling to bring home another Dunkerque. In Russia, the Wehrmacht finally has been pinched out of the great Krivoi Rog industrial area after a four-month stand made at heavy sacrifice.

President Roosevelt and Churchill agreed that there can be no guarantee of an European victory this year, contradicting earlier speculation on German defeat, possibly by mid-Summer. Any delay will favor the Allies. Long-range smashes at interior Germany, constantly being stepped up, have cut Nazi plane production nearly 70 per cent. U. S., Great Britain are now set to wipe out completely the source of Luftwaffe resistance, turn the invasion into an exclusively ground forces struggle. The war will be fought slowly, carefully.

In the British House of Commons, Churchill warned that Hitler's police are still in control, that the German generals have decided to continue to fight, that Germany is still very strong.

Never bothered by uncomfortable consciences in the Battle of Britain, Hitler fliers have resumed bombing of England on a lesser scale—all they can afford. The British kept on the alert for the expected use of German coastal rocket guns; medium bombers hit threatening installations with bus-schedule regularity. The British Home Guard of two million citizens is ready to take over the home bailiwick when the big push empties England of Allied soldiers.

For all its ferocity the Italian front's chief value to date is the diversion of Nazi troops that would otherwise be used against Russia, later against Americans and English. Allied troops, strongly established on the beachhead after a precarious start, matched attack for counterattack.

On the Cassino front to the south fighting was fierce but remained stationary. Lofty Mount Cassino monastery, 1400-year-old birthplace of the Benedictine order, was crumbled by Allied air and artillery assault because it housed a German artillery center that would not move. Mount Cassino bars the Allied way to the Liri valley leading straight to Rome and a junction with Anzio.

Fall of Krivoi Rog in the Ukraine is a serious loss to Germany. Gone is the great captured Ukrainian empire which was to feed Germany's factories and people. Krivoi Rog marked the end of a year in which the Red army had driven the Wehrmacht from almost three-quarters of occupied Russia. In the north, Soviet troops moved into Estonia, threatened to cut off worried Finland, outflank the German front in White Russia.

Russia

Russia's sweeping reorganization of government to provide partial autonomy for her 16 Soviet Republics may provide the formula for a peace-hungry eastern Europe in postwar years. Under the new plan each republic theoretically will have its own army, separate diplomatic relations in foreign affairs. While no one took this exactly at face value, no one doubted either that it had a deep-seated, cleverly-planned objective.

Best guess is that Stalin plans to use his tricky system to obtain closer relationships with small neighbors through treaties between them and an individual republic, perhaps eventually absorbing outsiders. Such an expansion could well draw segments of a beat-up Germany, reach with arduous ease into vast western China.

European Politics

Hard-working French Committee of Liberation at last rates broad recognition by Britain, was soon to get the same courtesy from the U. S. Britain admitted the right of the DeGaulle regime in Algiers to act with authority for continental as well as colonial France. President Roosevelt was convinced the American people favored a similar move.

When the invasion comes, Algiers will move in with an army, relief supplies, a currency, probably will administer liberated territories provisionally.

Teetering on the verge of armistice, Finland was posing a question for both sides on the eastern front. Germany contemplated moving troops out of both Finland and Norway. Russia wanted the Finns out of the war, but on her own terms.

Germany needed more troops at home, was in danger of having her Finland forces cut off by advancing Russia unless she moved quickly. But Finland feared any anti-Nazi move might turn her nation into a battleground; fearful of Russian retaliation after an armistice, waited for someone else to make a move.

Allies' decision to turn over administration of occupied Italy to the Badoglio government is in line with standard war policy of not stirring up political hornets nests. The U. S. has no interest in maintaining the Italian king, will leave changes to an Italian public that right now is apathetic.

The \$64 Question

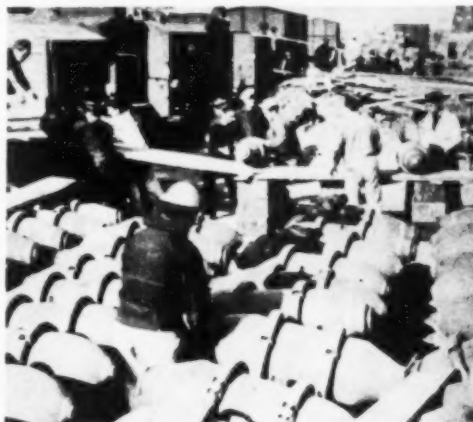
Will a Strong Poland Rise Again?

No. Russia will grant Poland her independence on Russian terms, which will put the nation of many partitions in a subservient position indefinitely. A cool customer to deal with when her western boundaries are concerned, the Soviet has firmly ignored Anglo-American attempts to intervene in the current border dispute between Stalin and the conservative Polish government-in-exile.

Briefs

Postwar pants will be loose-fitting. . . . The British version of the jet propulsion plane is called "Aerocomet". . . . In a Marine chow line a chaplain got a soup bath, asked a layman to "say a few appropriate words". . . . A Manhattan shirt-maker is offering men's shorts of camouflage cloth. . . . Edgar Lee Masters, author of the famous "Spoon River Anthology," was found destitute.

A London taxi driver got a divorce based on a 1901 incident—he found his wife in bed with another man. . . . A would-be suicide climbed back through a 13th story jail window in Los Angeles when he heard dinner was served. . . . Shortly before Columnist Ray Clapper was killed in the Marshalls invasion he wrote: "For several days before an action . . . you have a sense of living in a world apart. . . . You live only minute by minute."



Another cargo of bombs from U. S. rolls ashore in Italy, loaded directly on trains for front

Yugoslav women patriots stand inspections—"even as you and I"—at rest center in Italy

Home Front

Against X day—end of the European war—the Bernard M. Baruch report on industrial reconversion to a peacetime pace strongly advised WPB and the armed services to begin immediate work on a plan. Speed in shifting productive capacity from war to peace is the most effective way to prevent a depression. The report breathed optimism over the nation's economic future.

The Senate's Postwar Committee added its blueprint to help build a growing consciousness in Washington that the time for action is now.

Food Prospects

Americans have been drawing heavily on food reserves carried over from years of abundance. The War Food Administration warns civilians must get along on 43 per cent less canned fruits, 19 per cent less canned vegetables this year. Despite prospects for a record production, the services and Lend-Lease drain is ever increasing.

Candidates

F. R. remains silent on any fourth term intentions, but Vice-President Wallace said:

"There is no doubt in my mind that the President will run."

Willkie, in a successful swing through the West, made his candidacy for GOP nomination official. Dewey, still not in the field, asked Wisconsin supporters to withdraw his name from primaries there.

Taxes

Hottest congressional flare-up in the Administration's history blazed through the Senate when F. D. R. sharply rejected the two-billion-dollar 1944 tax bill, fired it back at Capitol hill. There his veto was promptly overridden. He sought ten billions.

The explosive reaction, characterized by the bitter Senator Barkley speech, startled Fourth Term wishers, cast at least a momentary pall over the Administration's entire legislative program. The senatorial heat indicated growing congressional independence of the Administration.

Senators were most incensed at the President's acrid labeling of the measure as a "tax relief bill providing relief not for the needy but the greedy".

Servicemen's Vote

Legislative attempts to make voting easier for servicemen overseas were fouled up, badly. The trend was toward the more complicated state control system as opposed to a Federally-distributed ballot. Opponents of the Federal plan were concerned over the right of states under the Constitution to decide their own voting procedures, feared a uniform ballot would break down restrictions now existing in many southern states, thought the President's well-known name would hit jackpot.



The Impatient Marine

SERGEANT Iddo William Ball signs his name "I. Ball." So, since he was a kid in Osyka, Mississippi, he usually was called "Eye Ball." Lately, though, the Marines of his company have given him the nickname of "kippoo", which is a Samoan word meaning an explosion of a sorts.

He talks as slow as sorghum molasses pouring on a cold morning, but Sergeant Ball can be a very explosive fellow, as he proved in fire battles on Guadalcanal and on that strip of blazing white sand known as Betio Island in Tarawa atoll.

Just to look at Kippoo, you might figure him for a phlegmatic fellow. Actually, he's a very fast thinker in an emergency. And his impatience, with small delays and his curiosity have caused him to perform some of the damndest feats in action.

To illustrate this, we would like to tell you about Kippoo's adventures on Tarawa, as relayed to us by two of his best pals, Platoon Sergeant Murl Bright, a handsome veteran from Nampa, Idaho, and Sergeant Jack Hayes, a rugged ex-footballer and boxer from Fort Worth, Texas.

These three lads are members of the same "Dog Company" and they went through the Guadalcanal campaign together. When the company landed on Tarawa, Bright was platoon sergeant for a rifle platoon, Hayes was acting platoon sergeant for another rifle platoon, and Ball was in charge of a machine gun section.

The company landed early in the morning on the second day of the Tarawa invasion, and they were caught in a hail of fire when they left the Higgins boats and waded toward shore over the coral shelf on Betio's lagoon side.

When the company reached the comparative safety of the seawall on Betio's beach, the C. O., Captain Gunter, found that he had few able-bodied men. However, he had enough battered fellows to form a rifle platoon and Bright was made platoon sergeant of all these. The machine gunners had suffered the most casualties in the surf and Ball had only a half dozen men left from his section.

Coming in through the surf, the company had received its heaviest fire from a huge concrete pillbox on the highest land on Betio.

Dog Company's survivors on reaching the seawall found Marine engineers attempting to blow up this blockhouse—but having little success at it. And three dead engineers lay near the redoubt.

Bright studied the square pillbox for a while and found that machine gun and rifle fire poured from only two thick walls. The other two walls of the square fortifi-



HAYES

BALL

BRIGHT

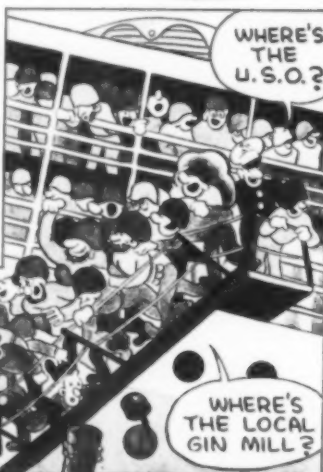
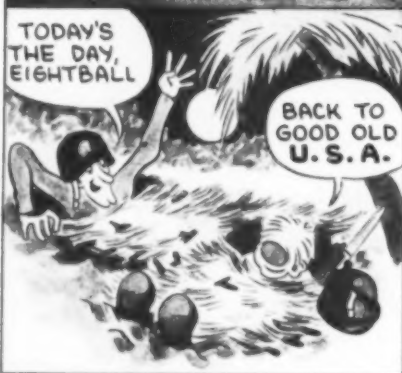
cation were blank except for winding tunnel-like entrances.

"It might be possible to run up on one of the 'blind' sides of that blockhouse and throw some grenades into those little entrances, but it would mean crawling part of the way in that tunnel," commented Bright. "It would be like sticking your head into a wolf's den."

There was a silence after he said this. Then Ball, the impatient machine-gunner, spoke up:

"I'd like to know what's cooking in there," he said, pointing at the blockhouse. He was armed with an M-I. He selected a half dozen grenades and ran for one of the blind sides of the blockhouse. A silent, wiry little private first class named Cannon, followed him. Cannon had fought alongside Ball on Guadalcanal and he had considerable admiration for the sergeant.

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I. Q. ANSWERS from page 44

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Dario Lodigiani | 11 St. Louis Cards |
| 2 Bob Feller | 12 Ike Pearson |
| 3 Charlie Keller | 13 Mike McCormick |
| 4 Zeke Bonura | 14 Hal White |
| 5 Johnny Pesky | 15 Bill Veeck |
| 6 Tommy Bridges | 16 Dick Wakefield |
| 7 Pee Wee Reese | 17 Ted Williams |
| 8 Johnny Mize | 18 Mickey Cochrane |
| 9 Mrs. Brown's | 19 Pete Reiser |
| 10 Buddy Lewis | 20 Phil Marchildon |

"Cannon was such a quiet fellow that few in the company even knew his first name," said Bright, "and he had the darndest way of coming through rugged engagements without a scratch."

At the wall of the blockhouse, Ball squatted down, crawled a little ways in the tunnel and then came backing out hurriedly. There was a baritone explosion inside of the blockhouse. Kippoo had tossed three grenades inside. Smoke and dust came from the tunnel's mouth. The machine gun was silent, now. Ball crawled up to the tunnel and threw in a couple more grenades. A few minutes later he did something that made Bright and the other watching Marines catch their breaths.

He crawled into the blockhouse. Cannon followed.

"I wouldn't have gone in there for \$50,000," said Hayes, "but that Kippoo—he was always a curious and impatient fellow. If everyone was like Ball this would be a short war."

Ball and then Cannon appeared out of the tunnel.

The two scrambled away from the blockhouse and jumped behind the debris which had been sheltering the riflemen. But there seemed no need for their caution. The blockhouse's machine guns and rifles had not spoken since Ball threw in the first grenades.

"What did you see in there?" Bright asked eagerly.

Ball spoke slowly: "Could I bum a cigaret from one of you eightballs?". Then he said: "It's kind of dark in that place but I don't think there's anything in there but dead Nips. Any of you got a flashlight? Ball took a few puffs on his cigaret. Then he dashed back to the blockhouse, followed



by the silent, poker-faced Cannon. After they vanished into the tunnel this time, the waiting Marines heard a rifle shot from inside the fortification. Cannon appeared at the tunnel's mouth and spoke for the first time:

"We heard something moving in there and Kippoo fired at what looked like a trap door. There may be a tunnel leading in there underground from another blockhouse."

There was another explosion when Ball was half out of the entrance, and the husky Mississippian fell on his face. Cannon turned him over, slapped a battle dressing on Ball's left shoulder blade, and then started running for the beach.

For the first time, the wiry private first class seemed excited. He was mumbling: "Got to find a corpsman for old Kippoo."

When Cannon returned with the corpsman, however, Ball had risen to his feet and walked to the shelter of the debris. He was bleeding badly in the vicinity of his shoulder blades. Apparently, a Nip had made it to the big blockhouse via the underground tunnel and had tossed a grenade after Ball as he left through the entrance. However, when Cannon breathlessly got back with the corpsman Kippoo wasn't discussing his wound. He was smoking another cigaret and talking calmly about an incident involving a white Russian girl in Shanghai named Tamara.

"I wonder what became of Tamara," said Kippoo, dreamily. "She was a sweet kid."

A couple of tanks came up and proceeded to blast away at the big blockhouse. And when it was reduced to debris, the survivors of "Dog Company" threw away their cigarets and started advancing toward the center of the flaming little island.

FXT



"Little Bit Fouled Up, Aren't Cha Mac?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

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BUT HOW COULD SHE FORESEE
THAT SO-AND-SO OF A SERGEANT
WOULD STICK ME WITH K. P.?



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for all those cards and letters that I received as a result of seeing my face in the July issue. "Chappie."

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Men of the Corps

★ ★ ★



WOLFF

When a Jap hand gren-
ade landed near two of-
ficers directing an ad-
vance on Guadalcanal,
Thomas Wolff smothered
the explosion with the
butt of his rifle. Then a
corporal with the Fifth
Marines, now a sergeant,
he was awarded the Sil-
ver Star medal for his
"conspicuous gallantry".
The blast wounded him.

His duties as a bands-
man throughout his 28
years of service in the
Marine Corps have taken
MTSergeant Oscar R.
Thomas all over this
country and through a
big part of the Pacific—
Guam during World War
I, Guadalcanal and New
Zealand in this war. Now
he is assistant director of
the Quantico band.



THOMAS



The late Knute Rock-
ne's famous quarterback,
First Lieutenant Jack
Chevigny, is at New
River where as head
coach he piloted the suc-
cessful football team. He
believes Rockne's life
idea and the spirit of the
Marine Corps are identi-
cal—teamwork, with the
individual played down.

CHEVIGNY

SSergeant Luther Hut-
chinson played an im-
portant part in the fight
to maintain communica-
tions in the Battle of
Midway. He was chief of
a wire crew that repaired
bomb damage during the
big June 4, 1942, Jap air
raid. Now he is field tele-
phone school instructor
at New River.



HUTCHINSON

Sketched from life by Sgt. Pat Denman

Long Count on Tanambogo

RINGSIDERS at the famous Hollywood Legion Stadium used to cheer him as Red Randy, but his real name is George Randy and he isn't a preliminary fighter any more. He's been in the biggest main-event ever staged in this world, and his title now is PFC Randy, USMC.

Red—he's a carrot-top, no doubt of that—is back in Dago now, and in between attending to his regular duties in a guard company, he's carrying on a series of bouts with malaria. That's the only opponent that got a decision over him in the Solomons, barring a small dent in his left hand from a bit of shrapnel, but he never dropped the duke to any Jap. Not Red Randy, the ex-fighter with a tin-ear and a pair of puffy eyebrows.

Some day PFC Randy hopes to get back with his old outfit, the Second. He has several reasons for wishing to get back with them, one of which is to see if he can't arrange for a new count. Remember the so-called long count Tunney got in the Dempsey fight in Chicago? Well, Red doesn't know for certain, but he thinks he, too, might be the victim of a long count.

It's like this. Red's company was in on that neat little job when Marines trapped and buried a whole mess of Japs in their caves on Tanambogo and Gavutu.

"They were caught inside," Red related. "They wouldn't come out, except maybe at night, and then you couldn't tell who they were. They could stand right next to you and you couldn't tell whether they were your brother or not. But then, we couldn't



go in and get 'em. They were certainly hid in those caves.

"So all we could do was peg away with hand grenades and drop dynamite down into the caves. Pretty soon, after this treatment, everything got real quiet in those holes.

"Then we started guessing how many Japs we'd killed, and we made up a pool, like a football pool, with each guy putting in a buck and writing down the number he thought had been knocked off. I put down 1450 and I won't be satisfied until I get back down there and find out for myself what the count really was."

Red was curious because after he left the islands last January he read where 1500 Japs had been found inside the caves on Gavutu and Tanambogo. That sounded too much like a round figure to Red—he wanted the actual count. After all, there was 86 bucks in the pool!

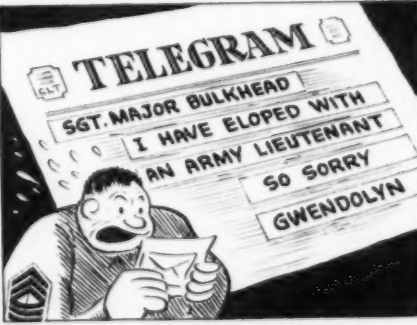
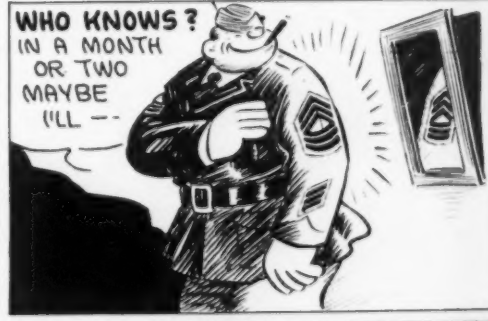
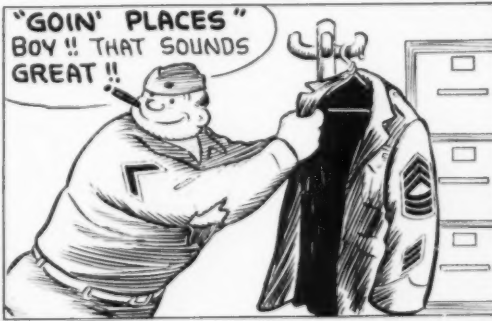
Red was a middleweight boxer, scaling

around 160 pounds, when he joined the Marines on January 13, 1942. Six months later he went across, weighing a mere 208. The added poundage served him well but eventually he began to lose weight. He got back to 155 after the malaria hit him.

Red brought some captured Jap cigarettes back to the states with him as souvenirs, and one day, soon after he had been discharged from a naval hospital, he was walking down the street. He decided to try one of the cigarettes.

"I lit the thing, took a few puffs, and the next thing I know I'm yelling bloody murder. Then I took a punch at a lamp post and was daring it to come out of its corner and fight like a man. About that time a cop came along and quieted me. He was a nice cop, and told me I'd be all right. I was—and then I threw those cigarettes into the head. None of them Jap smokes for me."

RHM



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Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

TO THE UNITED STATES MARINES
If you've a thought that may be new
But those who grasp it are very few
No matter now how strange it seems
Just tell the United States Marines.
They do not worship the sacred cows.
There're no such words found in all their vows.
Always faithful is what you will find,
To things worth while they've an open mind.

CHORUS:
On surf bound coasts and far from the sea,
At Belleau Wood and Tulagi
No matter how hard a grim task seems
Call out the United States Marines.
Murray Baldwin, Major,
U. S. Army (Retired).

MARINE MOTHERS' HYMN
(a parody)
From the starting of maneuvers
To the shoving off for sea;
We fight and pray together
On our quest for victory.
First to pray by light of morning,
Last at starlight's evening gleam;
We are proud to be the mothers
Of United States Marines.

Our boys were there among the first
To set the rising sun;
They gladly fight and nobly die
To defeat the Jap and Hun.
If the nations of the future
Ever look back on these scenes;
They will find this war was won
in part
By the mothers of Marines.
Edith M. Christian.

Under frond-draped mounds they lay
These that were my comrades, Marines so gay
Unmindful of self they fought and died
To live, to love in a day of victory denied.
In solemn thought I prayed and plead
That not for long we and our buddies may bleed
Long shall I remember this day
I stood head bowed and heard the Chaplain pray.
In reverence to buddies I came to say
In silent thought my last farewell
To comrades, to buddies who fell
Now resting under frond-draped mounds.
Tears glistened at the "Taps" pathos-filled sound
No more shall I hear their friendly whisper
In death-infested darkness, so reassuring
Nothing daunted, duty bound and unafraid.

GLORY
What is glory?
Is it fame,
An act of heroism,
A worshipped name?
Is it a deed
Performed in strife,
Whereby the doer
Lay down his life?
Is it an act
Of courage and grit,
The effort of soldiers
Doing their bit?

Or is it fear
In a trembling breast?
Knowing it's there
One still does his best.
PFC C. J. Elias.
18th Def. Bn., FMF,
New River, N. C.

Gyrene Gyngles

MAIDEN'S LAMENT
It happened back in September, this year
That I followed your advice
And picked myself a nice Marine
Without thinking it over twice.

You speak of the uniform so different
And the Devil Dog title he bears
Well, Sir, I will have to take your word
For mine has mythical airs.
He may be skilled in household chores
Such as sweeping and making a bed
Washing and dusting and darning
And getting those Leathernecks fed.

But not for me is his skill displayed
For nary a sight I've seen
Since he left for Parris Island—
My Mysterious Seventh Marine.

You say there's nothing he can't do,
You're wrong, so says this girl—
Oh,
He may be smart and brave and bold
But he just can't get a furlough.
So when he dies and goes above
I hope I'm on the scene
For then, at last, I'll have a chance
To see my "Nice Marine"!
Miss Eleanor Morgan,
Bangor, Maine.

MY COMRADES The Marine Raiders

May their spirit ever inspiring courage
Strengthen me to carry on to finish
The task for which they gave their all
Unflinching they met the foe, bravely to fall.

Years may pass still I'll recall distinctly
At this jungle burial ground
The palm trees, in sympathy, remaining
heads bowed
Rustling, whispering that all will be well.

Long after our tearful leaving they will stand
Battle scarred, seared and without a helping hand
Silent sentries, ever watchful over our comrades
Now resting under frond-draped mounds.
Pvt. Mitchell Red Cloud, Jr.,
A Marine Raider.

4th Division, FMF,
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

ODE TO A MECHANIC (a parody)

Under the spreading Corsair's wings
The Marine mechanic stands, His brow is wet, with grease and sweat
His face a healthy tan. He beats his gums from morn to night
This lowly son of toil, Just mention Spam, or Uncle Sam
And you'll have a battle royal.

He toils from dawn to setting sun
This lonely, tired Gyrene, And rend from limb to limb.
He has no rate, and how he hates
The Japs he's never seen. Each rising son he'd like to take
Then pack his grip, for a Stateside trip
Even if he has to swim.

When bullets fly from East and West
To strike his Corsair's wing, Sgt. Harold O. Powell.
With tool in hand, he takes a stand
To fix the dad-blamed thing. Headquarters Squadron, FMAW
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

THE PRAYER OF A WOMAN MARINE

We have sat with hands so idly folded
We have played—with happy care-free minds,
We have worked and griped and wasted
We have stayed behind the lines.

Life to us had been so wonderful
Life to us had been sincere,
Life to us had been so beautiful
That we never had a fear.

But we've seen the chaos of a world gone mad,
We have seen our loved ones taken,
We have seen the effects on our beautiful land
By this war, so badly shaken.

And now the load we're going to share
The torch of freedom hold high,
The title of "Woman Marines" we will bear
We'll uphold the Corps' honor on high.

Perhaps the Marine Corps isn't our place
But, by God in His Heaven, we swear
We will work and be brave, and hope and pray
The burden of war, we may share.

And after this war and turmoil does cease
To the people the world over we'll tell,
In the struggle for righteous and blessed peace
We women did our part; that our prayer.

Corp. Margaret Thornley,
USMCWR.
Headquarters, Marine Corps.

MY DOG COMES FIRST
My dog comes first
In all I do.
His food, his sleep,
His playtime too.
He'd give his best,
I know he would;
And the best for him
Is none too good
When I'm in combat,
This I know;
He'll always be
The first to go.
And extra time
To me he'll give;
Another chance
That I may live.
He'll always serve,
Forever true.
My dog comes first
In all I do.
SSgt. Michael Nuzzola
New River, N. C.

MARINES



Here's way to guard your lips

against roughness, dryness, soreness — and other externally caused lip troubles

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CEMETERY DUEL



WHEN Corporal Joe Sebock was a youngster "shooting it out" from behind fenceposts and trees in neighborhood games of cops and robbers he couldn't have known he'd re-enact the pantomime for "keeps" one day with a Jap at 15 yards in a native cemetery on Makin Island.

It happened during the foray which Carlson's Raiders made on Makin in August of 1942. The vagaries of the Pacific's tricky currents caused Sebock, riding a rubber boat with three buddies, to land on Makin some distance from the main party. In addition to Joe, there was Sergeant James C. O. Faulkner and Private First Class Howard Craven, from Texas, and Corporal Harris J. Johnson, from Little Rock, Iowa.

"We wanted to get in the scrap, but didn't know just where to begin," Sebock recalled, "so we decided upon a scouting tour of the left flank."

They inched their way to a small native cemetery to the side of the other raiders. Suddenly they bumped into a Jap patrol.

"They let fly with everything they had and we hit the deck," Joe went on, "but not before they got Johnson. Seconds later, Faulkner was hit."

So Sebock sent Craven back for reinforcements. It turned out, however, that all but one Jap also was out of action.

Sebock grinned as he recalled what happened next. "With everyone else out of the way, the Jap and I decided to have a little duel. He'd shoot at me and pop back down behind a boulder. Then I'd shoot and pop back behind a coconut tree."

"After we'd exchanged about seven shots this way, things were getting a bit monotonous, so I decided to throw a little bafflement his way. When I next fired, I remained up on one knee."

"Sure enough, out comes his rifle with a big bayonet on it. As he got his face beside the rifle to aim, I let him have it. I had a tommy gun and gave him a burst which flipped him out into the open like a flapjack."

Groups of Japs, four and five at a time, began sneaking through the cemetery, intent upon flanking the Marines.

"I just put the tommy on semi-automatic and popped them as they came by," Joe said. "It was open house then and I held aces all the way."

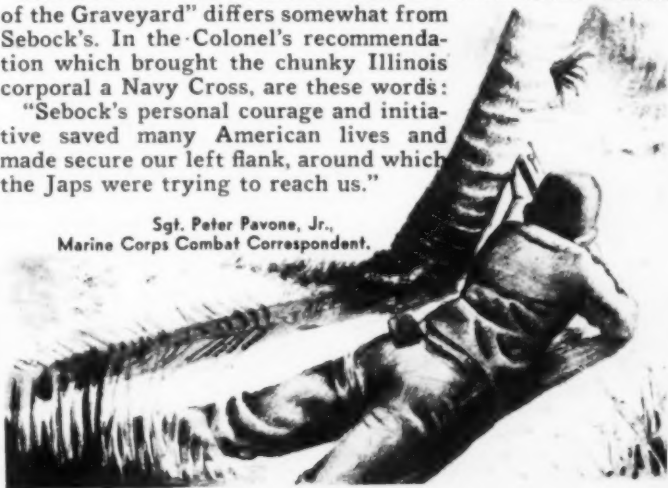
By the time Craven got back with reinforcements 33 Sham-bos had tried the cemetery shortcut and found it a direct route to their ancestors.

"When the boys put up their fire, I just politely pulled out of that graveyard," he confesses. "I had no desire to die there. That's exactly what I thought all the while I was there . . . this is a helluva place for a man to die."

Lieutenant Colonel Carlson's official version of the "Battle of the Graveyard" differs somewhat from Sebock's. In the Colonel's recommendation which brought the chunky Illinois corporal a Navy Cross, are these words:

"Sebock's personal courage and initiative saved many American lives and made secure our left flank, around which the Japs were trying to reach us."

Sgt. Peter Pavone, Jr.,
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.



Common Sense

Dictated
this

Khaki Uniform



The field dress of the Spanish-American War soldier recognized the importance of low visibility in action. Here's where gaudy frills began to disappear. This khaki outfit was the forerunner of today's olive drab.

Common Sense

Suggests this

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KING
EDWARD
Cigars



NANCY LEE, a native of Philadelphia, in five short years has become one of New York's top-flight models. Nancy studied art, is fond of sports, dancing and classical music. She is brunette, 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds.

The MARINE Who Came Back to Life



TWO years ago in El Cajon, California, a quiet little town in the hills near the Mexican border, funeral services were held for Corporal Reid Carlos Chamberlain, USMC. Chamberlain, nearing completion of his first cruise in the Marines, was reported missing in action in the Pacific theater of war.

A few months ago, 24-year-old Chamberlain returned to El Cajon, shaking the hands of citizens who'd long given him up for dead, and hurried to the unpretentious home where his mother, Mrs. Ettie May Chamberlain, still hoped and waited. He arrived at Christmas time, the most perfect present of a lifetime.

The full story of Chamberlain's two years among the missing must remain locked in secrecy during the war for security reasons. When it can finally be told, however, it is likely to provide one of the most fantastically thrilling chapters.

Chamberlain first enlisted in the Marine Corps early in 1938. After a year of training at the San Diego Marine Corps base he was put in the reserve. He took a job in an aircraft plant, about the time Hitler overran Poland and the United States began faintly to bestir itself for defense. He was called back to active duty in August, 1941, and was sent to the Philippines the following month.

The corporal was in an anti-aircraft outfit with the Fourth Marine Regiment at Cavite when the Japs attacked on December 8, 1941. During the bombing of that naval base on December 10, he received injuries which left him deaf for many weeks.

Like many others, however, he went on fighting. He was on Bataan and later Corregidor. During the fighting on Bataan he received several minor gunshot wounds. It was during the siege of Corregidor that Chamberlain was listed as missing in action.

After Corregidor fell and prisoner of war lists straggled through with no word, the corporal was considered lost. One year after he was last seen, he was officially recorded as killed in action.

When Chamberlain reappeared out of the unknown, he was a lieutenant in the United States Army . . .

By special order, he was given a discharge from the Marine Corps dating back to the day he became an Army officer. By special order, he was honorably discharged from the Army and formally re-enlisted in the Marines, restored to his previous rank of corporal. Then he was given a 60-day furlough; that was how things stood when we visited him at El Cajon.

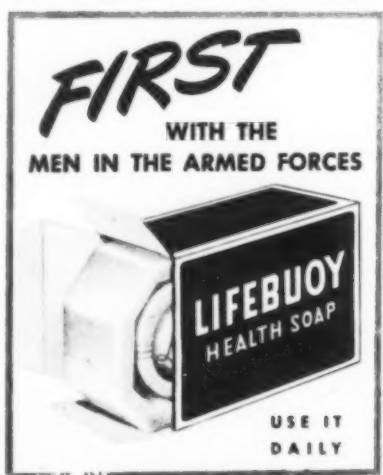
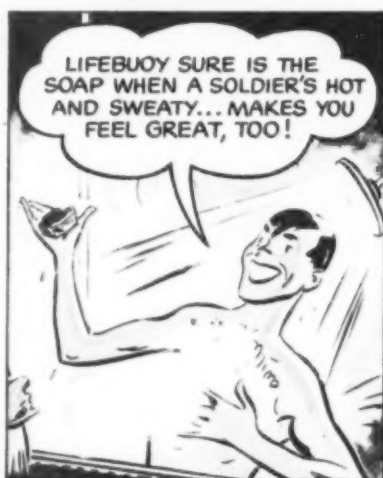
Chamberlain is a stockily-built fellow of medium height, dark complexioned and has black hair. He's about as rugged as they come and his eyes bore right through you from narrowed slits which are natural to one who has placed great dependence upon keen vision.

He is friendly enough but, perforce, silent about his great adventure. His chief ambition now is to get a Marine Corps commission with assignment to intelligence work. The corporal has another ambition, too!

"I didn't really want this furlough," he said, "though it's grand seeing my folks again. Some fellows may say that without really meaning it. I have a lot of reasons for really meaning it. I want to be on hand when we go back into the Philippines."

Standing there, listening and watching, we understood clearly that Chamberlain meant what he said.

End



★ EVERY MARINE KNOWS! ★

YES, every Marine knows that to learn while he trains as a Marine "pays off" in the service and when he gets back to civilian life.

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Bookkeeping	High School Subjects

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I. C. S. dedicates the above message.

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Nice Duty If You Can Get It

BACK from Guadalcanal, Sergeant Frank French found himself drill nursemaid for 75 pretty girls from the Ice-Capades of 1944 to inject military realism into a number called "Semper Fidelis". Giggling taxed French's patience until he exploded: "Girls or not, you gizmos are going to drill like Marines. Snap out of it or you'll be out here eight hours a day—and I ain't fooling!" The girls got on the ball and seven weeks later finished their "boot" training. Their proudest accomplishment is a snappy manual which would shame many a Marine.



"Awn-up-reep" sings French in cadence as his shapely platoon steps out, a welcome relief from the usual GI-cropped boots



The Ice-Ca"pets" skated "Semper Fidelis" in silk "blues" with red stripes at first, later doffed them for these GI tights

WHO'S WHO IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

by L. B. ICELY, President

★
Millions of Americans enter with zest into the physical training programs that fit men for war. You all know that sports can give you the teamwork, the quick reflexes, the skills and abilities that will help you take care of yourself in combat.

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You are quick to learn, too, "who's who" in sports equipment. It doesn't take long in the intensive sports program of Army or Navy training camps, to prove quality.

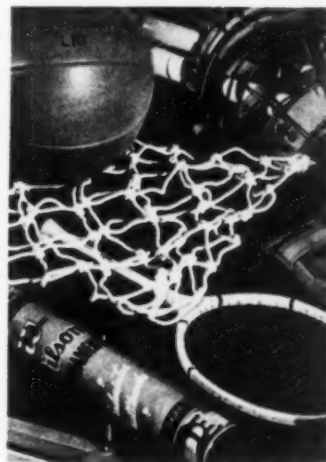
★ ★ ★
You'll hear it wherever you go... "It's Wilson today in sports equipment." Quality alone counts, when every ball, glove, bat, or racket must do double duty. Quality alone counts when sports become a major factor in conditioning men for war.

★ ★ ★
The quality which made Wilson a leader in the sporting goods industry before the war, is being maintained today in the face of severe restrictions on materials; and our production of sports equipment for the armed forces is being maintained in addition to a huge output of aviators' kits, camp cots, crash helmets and other materials of war.

★ ★ ★
Remember, when you go to your PX for extra sports equipment for your outfit or for personal use, that the Wilson trade-mark guarantees you the best obtainable anywhere in the world. Wilson quality is lasting quality. Wilson equipment gives you the best game, whether it's tennis, badminton, golf, softball, handball, or one of the tougher sports such as football, baseball, basketball, hockey, etc.

★ ★ ★
After the war you'll want to keep up your game and keep in top physical trim with the same kind of high quality Wilson equipment. Then see your Wilson dealer and go right on enjoying the "best." Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York, and other leading cities.

If it's a "Wilson" it's
finest quality

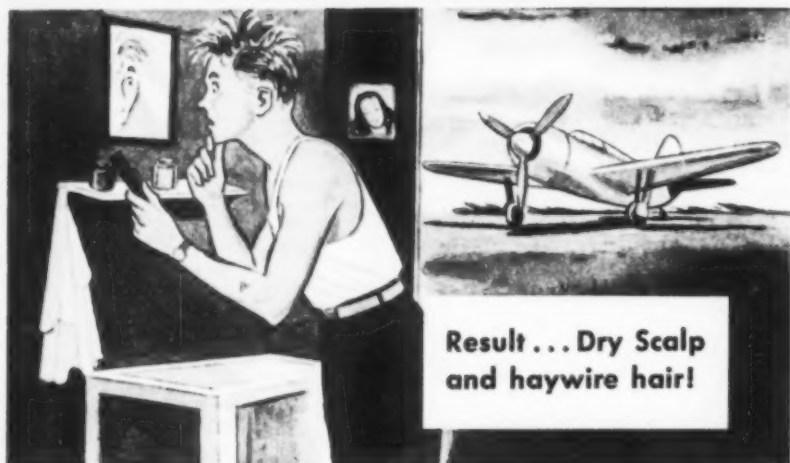


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In the service
they're in sun, wind
and dust all day...



Result... Dry Scalp
and haywire hair!

but...5 drops a day keeps **DRY SCALP** away

... MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST
WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



Here's how it keeps your Hair!

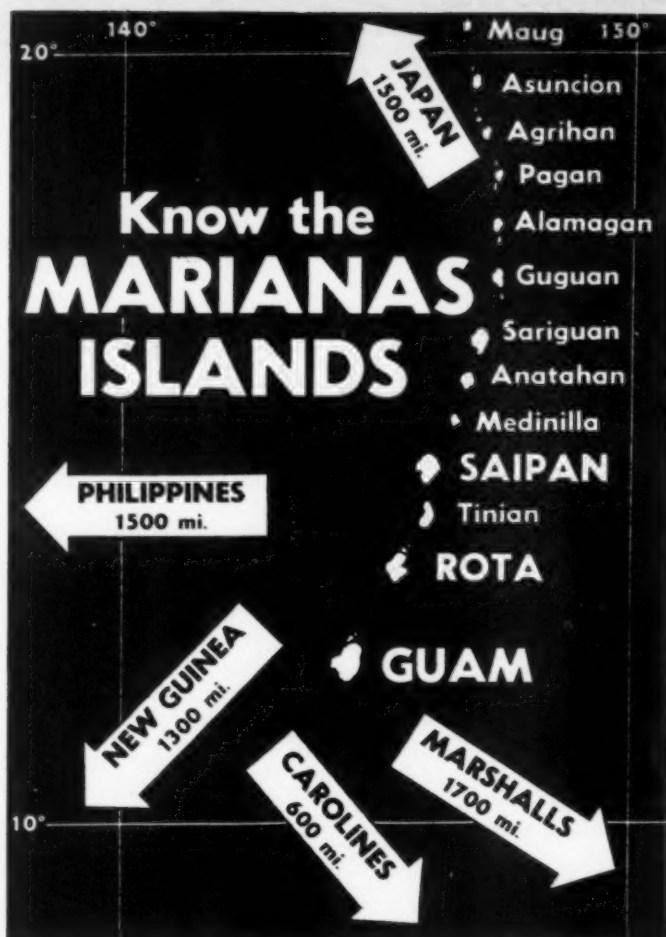
By checking Dry Scalp, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic keeps your hair healthy-looking, well-groomed. That's true whether you're a war worker, business man, or in the armed services, where hair takes the toughest beating of all. Just shake a few drops on your comb daily and run it through your hair—or apply it directly to your scalp. Then before each shampoo massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today and see what it will do for your own hair.



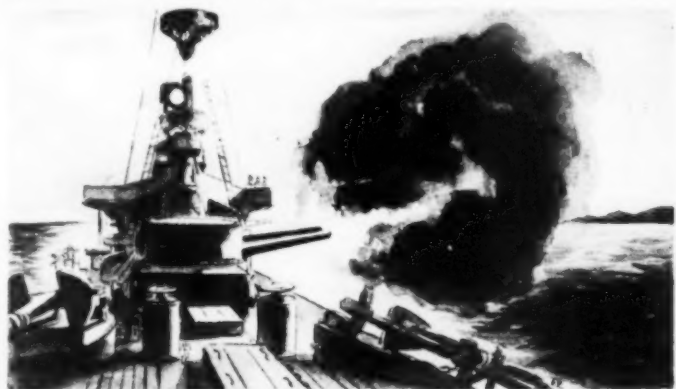
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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70¢



The **Marianas** Islands, lying north of the Carolines, may be the next hurdle in the drive to Tokyo. Magellan discovered them in 1521 and named them the Ladrone or Robber Islands. Later the Spanish renamed the isles for Maria Ana, the widow of Philip IV



The **Spanish** administered the islands from 1668 to 1898, when Guam, largest of the group, was taken by the USS Charleston in the Spanish-American war. Spain sold the other 14 to Germany who, in turn, lost them to the Japs in 1918 with our blessing



After the war with Spain, Marines acted as teachers on Guam. Laying rifles aside for school books, they taught the native Chamorros the principles of American democracy. As the result, Guam has been intensely loyal and often requested statehood



The natives are light-complexioned and resemble the Spanish. Their dances are patterned after Old Spain rather than native Chamorro dances. Girls wear balloon-sleeved blouses and long gowns. The men wear their shirt tails outside as in the Orient



Evidence of a lost civilization, many old huge stone pillars dot the islands. It is believed they supported ancient temples. Most of the Marianas natives are Catholics and are deeply religious. For all work and travel, they use carabao, a type of water buffalo



Many Americans knew Guam only as a Clipper base, others through the stripping of its fortifications to aid peace talks. The Japanese struck on Dec. 7, 1941, from Saipan and Tinian, which they fortified illegally. The 400 Marines stationed there held them off five days



The cutting battle axe in the Allied offensive is poised now above another of the tentacles of the Japanese octopus gripping the islands of the South Pacific. Once the Marianas are taken, we will be inside the "vertical shield" of the Japs, Tokyo-bound

End

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1 Palmolive Shave Creams are made with real olive oil to help wilt whiskers fast, provide a micro-film that "cushions" your skin against your razor.

2 Result? Your razor simply g-l-i-d-e-s along, with no tugging—no scratching—no scraping. In other words, with no painful R-A-Z-O-R B-U-R-N.

3 Afterwards your face feels cool, clean, comfortable—looks younger. You purr with pleasure! So why don't you try either Palmolive Lather or Brushless in the morning?



*** YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN**
Buy Palmolive Brushless or Palmolive Lather Shaving Cream. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we will immediately refund your money!

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I DISCOVERED FAST, CLOSE, VELVETY SHAVES WITH **COLGATE BRUSHLESS!** THOSE SMOOTH, SLEEK MISSES LIKE MY SMOOTH - CHEEK KISSES!



G.B. is O.K. WITH G.B.'s

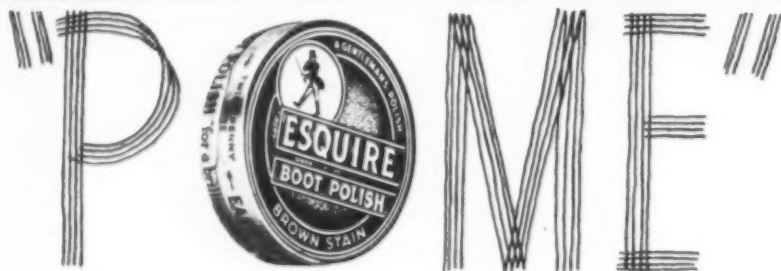


TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE SPAR!

SHE'S MINE, THANKS TO THE CLEAN, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES I GET NOW WITH **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**... ONE NO-BRUSH CREAM THAT DOESN'T DRY OUT, KEEPS TOUGH WHISKERS SOFT SO THEY'RE EASY TO SHAVE!

WE SEABEES THINK **COLGATE BRUSHLESS** IS TOPS! WILTS WIRY WHISKERS IN A FLASH, YET IT'S KIND TO TENDER, SUNBURNED SKIN.... IT'S A LIBERTY PASS TO SHAVING HEAVEN!

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There were two Marines and each had a date,
One was on time . . . the other was late.

The tardy Marine had a very tough time,
He sweated and strained to get a good shine.

The clever Marine . . . a really live wire,
Got a shine in a flash

. . . because he used . . .



P. S. The shine was much brighter,
The work was much lighter . . .
And the girl fell in love
With a corking good fighter.

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Life Among

by Major J. H. Culnan

MB. OSKAMALOOSA, KANS.—The paperwork for this twelve-man detachment is carried on in a 67½ compartment which Bazinook refers to fondly as his ossifice. This morning the phone rang like 4-11 and Baz hurriedly put on:

"Marine Barracks. Remember Oskamaloosa," he stated.

"This is G. H. Kew calling."

"GHQ? Oh yaas, yaas. How are you, Sunny Jim?"

"Don't get me wrong," Kew told him. "I don't mean GHQ. My name is Kew. K-E-W. George H. Kew. I just got to town and I'm on my way over to report for duty."

"Oh, I see," murmured Bazinook, shifting his cap.

"OIC?" echoed G. H. Kew. "Good. You're the one I'm to report to."

"Yaas, yaas," agreed Baz. "This gets worse, doesn't it. Say, Kew, I want you to carry this gag along until further notice. We've got a holy terror on the rolls here who needs the treatment, and you're just the man to dish it out to him. Are you on?"

"All the time, chief. All the time."

"Man's name is Pat Hand. He must be seventy, but tries to act like seventeen. His worst habit is clapping his hands during arm bends. Says it's only a matter of days before Headquarters sends him to combat. Now, I'm going to call him to the phone. I'll simply tell him that G. H. Kew is on the line. You ask him how he's feeling, and all that, and when you get all done, piling it good and high, you know, tell him in a plain, matter-of-fact voice that his faaather before him was no good."

"All right. Put him on," said Kew.

Pat Hand stove in a foot locker on his way to the phone, and Bazinook's loud mention of G. H. Kew caused a buzz in the little squadroom.

When Pat came back out of the ossifice he was carrying Bazinook's precious telephone, trailing the broken wires. He handed it to Baz.

"This'll mean a court for you, me bhye. At any rate you'll find it on the payroll. Whassa big idea?" roared Baz.

"Musta been the fluctuating current," Pat came back.

"By the way, Baz," Sugarfoot piped up after all hands had kicked the gag around, "have you heard from the Deppo Quartermaster on that requisition I ticked off for you on the snaptapper last week?"

"I'm afraid your typing ain't so good," Baz told him. "Or maybe they just don't trust us with weapons any more. Anyhow, they didn't even mention the 75 or the mortar we put in for to start our training program with, and about that bazooka, they stated they were fresh out of musical instruments. Do you suppose they might have been putting the rib to us, just a little?"

"Our name is mud," Pinky Stahl stated, "and I can prove it."

He unfolded a big U. S. map on his foot locker and we gathered around, figuring maybe the war had spread to these parts. He took a yardstick and pencil and drew two diagonal lines in a lazy X, one from Maine to Pendleton, the other from Florida to Seattle, and you can dip me in slum if old Oskamaloosa wasn't sitting square on the point of intersection.

"It's a fine fluctuating thing," Pinky yelped. "You see what that



g The Retreads

means? They found out what town—sure, even what building in the whole country was farthest from tidewater, and they've got us living in it. And not only that, but for Limited Service! El pfui! If you'll pardon my Spanish."

"Oh that," said McKeever, very soothing like. "Don't let that Limited Service throw you. Maybe it means our service is limited strictly to the Marine Corps—in other words, no one can transfer us to any other branch of service, such as Army or Navy."

"Or the Whacks?" murmured Covered Wagon.

Pat Hand was still looking so hoss-style that we were a little leary of him. Joe Burke reached for his zither, and gave with the following:

*On the leeward coast of a Windward Isle,
Souise lassitude, some odd degrees,
He was born, in most informal style,
The youngest rake in the Seven Seas.*

*Heartily sired by an Army Cook,
Heartily damned by a Yeomanette,
One knew, without a second look,
That he would prove no teacher's pet.*

*His parents died at sight of him,
And on his tree's remaining limb
Were he and Uncle Xanimork,
Who, though considered quite a toff,
Was then engaged in sweeping off
The best known sidewalks of New York.*

"It's a fluctuating lie," yelled Xan, "and besides, I don't like to have my civilian background discussed in the barracks."

"To be continued," Burke stated, stowing his zither.

TELEGRAM!—Pat Hand, believe it or not, ordered to Pendleton to jine up with the new combat division now forming. Pat was all smiles again, and wound up with a smirk on his mush that would have done credit to the sergeant major of the entire United Nations, and was throwing stuff into his seabag like mad. Altogether, quite a disgusting exhibition.

It was the first time I ever saw Bazinook show all his back teeth and part of his tonsils.

"Fer Heaven's sake, Pat, give us the secret of it all," he gasped.

"Sure," said Hand, very confidential. "As you may recall, I throw my voice for considerable distances. My old pal, the division sergeant major out there at Pendleton, he thinks this fluctuating tranhooleyquism, as he calls it, is a most remarkable talent and could be used with great effect against the Nips."

"There's flame-throwers, of course," mused Covered Wagon, "but this name-throwing—" He shook his head and sank in his bunk.

"Every man to his own specialty," replied Pat Hand. He gave us a most cutting bow, shouldered his seabag, started singing:

"O wrap me in a Dominican flag

And cover me over with—"

and gave the barracks door the loudest slam in its history, after him.

End



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A Handicap, Sergeant?"

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YOU
SAY,



"GOOD-BYE, G.I."



... SAY

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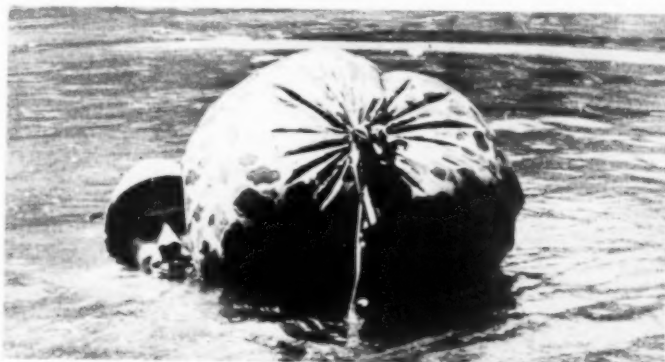
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How to Use Your Poncho for a Raft

SIMPLE, EFFECTIVE IS THIS MEANS OF FORDING
STREAMS. REMEMBER IT NEXT TIME YOU'RE STUCK



Poncho raft is made by tying ends of rain cape together, inflating as tightly as lung power will permit. Be sure to tie ends securely so air can't escape. 1st Lt. George S. Plantier, above, is inventor



When group of Marines are ready to cross a body of water with poncho raft they send a strong swimmer to opposite shore with line which is strung to each bank and used to haul men across



Men crossing stream hold onto line around poncho raft, are pulled to far bank by those who already have crossed. Both ends of line are kept taut for extra buoyancy. Last man swims over as first did

End

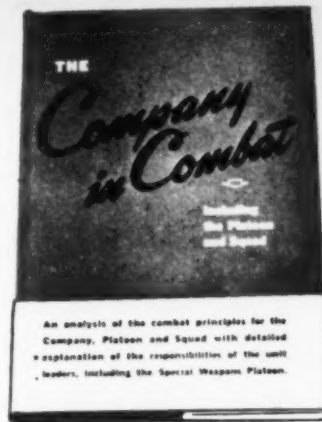
So You Know your General Orders

IF YOU'RE groovy like a bingo movie and you can come on like the Green Hornet, then you ain't no lane in the pain or a square who doesn't dig his own name. Now's the time, ole man, to rest your pes planus, ease the back of your lap down on a mahogany upright, get off that dime and dig these General Orders that are dead on the righteous time—SOLID:

- 1 To take charge of this groovy post and all GI property in view of my blinkers.
- 2 To ankle my post unlike a sender on a bender, staying hep to the lays, plays and overplays that cross my deuce of peepers or trilly my sound flaps.
- 3 To gumbeat all off plays the topster laid on me to put down fine.
- 4 To backcap all loud mouthings from posts more distant from the Moan Chamber than my own.
- 5 To blow the scene only when another stud hoss cops my spot.
- 6 To dig, obey and spiel to the sentinel who clips my stand, all power jive laid on me by the gents on bar time and those groovy lanes with stripped muggers connected with the other dopes who're on the mellow guard time.
- 7 To nix offtime chop beating unless 'tis in the righteous duty line.
- 8 To make a yell trip when the heat's on and the joint ain't nowhere.
- 9 To dig the camp homie with the deuce of stripes when the uphepped actions jumps off and leaves me numb and dumb.
- 10 To bend my elbow and cross my glamor conk when the main barred gents and the groovy stars and bars trilly by not cased.
- 11 To be really in there in the early black and during the time when you toss a challenge riff; to cop that spiel to every living human on or near my slaveplace and to sidetrack the jivvers, shrivers and strivers who ain't cookin' with coke.



What the Hell Could I Do? He Gave the Pass Word



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The Editor's Report

Marine Air Power

ACTIONS such as Guadalcanal and Tarawa have spread far and wide the Marine Corps' fame at amphibious warfare. It detracts none from that glory to point out that the Marines also have a lusty air arm.

Marine aviation has developed since Pearl Harbor from a mere infant in swaddling clothes to a full-fledged offensive fighting force. On that fateful December Sunday in 1941, the Corps' air division didn't muster 6000 officers and men. Today, flyers and ground crews exceed that figure more than 15 times.



The combat record of these Marine flyers is as impressive as any to be found. In three months—August 15 to November 20—during the Guadalcanal campaign, airmen operating from Henderson field, most of them Marines, downed 414 planes bearing the big red disk. In one month of the Munda campaign Marine flyers alone shot 306 enemy craft out of the skies and rained 800 tons of bombs on that Jap stronghold.

Those figures speak eloquently of the development of Marine aviation in two years!

But statistics aren't the whole story. Marine flyers are primarily "front line" offensive fighters, just as the amphibious forces are the vanguard on the ground. Marines have carried the bulk of the job of escorting Army bombers on their Pacific missions of destruction to the Jap.

Marine flyers also have teamed up with the ground forces to augment powerfully the striking power which is slowly but surely driving the Jap back toward his homeland. The airmen not only provide an aerial cover for invading forces, they implement the attack with strafing operations from above as the first waves move in. They advance their bases for operations immediately behind the assault forces, often moving onto captured landing strips before the fighting stops.

It is traditional that Marines are the most decorated of American fighting men. Marine flyers, apparently with justification, claim to be the most decorated of Marines—seven of them hold Congressional Medals of Honor.

These gallant flyers have been in the thick of the battle with Japan from the start. In the beginning, at Wake and Midway, they were only a handful fighting with inadequate and inferior equipment, and they beat the Jap only with pluck and determination. Today, they are superior in both planes and men. They rule the skies in the Pacific fighting zone.

Discharge Benefits

AFTER the last war servicemen were mustered out of the armed forces with the clothes on their backs and railroad tickets home. Several months later Congress voted them \$60 as discharge pay. The financial "reconversion" to civilian status proved a difficult one for thousands of the men.

That isn't going to happen after this war. Legislative action already has been taken to insure that the discharged servicemen will have money in their pockets when they get home—money to outfit themselves in mufti again and money to carry them over the first days or weeks until they can readjust themselves to dimmed peacetime habits and find a job.



The legislation provides that all men who serve overseas shall get \$300 when they are discharged from service. Those who have been in stateside service longer than 60 days will get \$200 and those whose total service is less than 60 days, \$100. Total expected cost of the program is set at around three billion dollars.

The amount of discharge benefits, however, isn't the paramount issue. More important is the fact that the Government, this time, is recognizing in advance the need and wisdom—both for the fighting men and for the social and economic pattern—for smoothing the financial transition of servicemen from war to peace.

BACK OF THE BOOK

DENMAN

Versatility could be a nickname for Sgt. James Patrick Denman, **LEATHERNECK** staff artist, who painted the BAR man kneeling in prayer on this month's cover. "Pat" likes to work in oils best, but also authors "Men of the Corps" each month, a group of Marine sketches drawn from life. A native of Atlanta, Georgia, Denman enlisted in September, 1941, tied the P. I. boot camp rifle record of 233 while firing the '03, went to sea school and served on an aircraft carrier before coming to **THE LEATHERNECK**. He is married and before his enlistment attended the Art Students' League in New York, and worked as a free lance artist.



MOORE

Staff writer Corp. Horatio B. Moore has been assigned the job of keeping us posted on happenings at New River and we expect to see a lot more about Marine activities there as a result. "H. B." dug out the dope on the Jap plan of coral atoll defense which appears on page 40 of this issue. A veteran of the first World War—that time in the Army—Moore has been working on newspapers in Florida for the past 13 years and enlisted in 1943 in the Marines. He has two sons in the Navy and his wife and another son are living in Florida. Moore came to **THE LEATHERNECK** directly from boot camp at Parris Island.



LOWERY

We recently sent PFC Louis Lowery to Parris Island to get some pictures of the Women Marines moving in. Lou found when he got there that classification also had an interesting story to tell and, like a good news photographer should, went ahead and got it. His pictures appear on page 30 of this issue. Lou went to Parris Island for the first time in 1943, as a boot. For some five years before that time he was toting a camera for the Post-Gazette of Pittsburgh, covering everything from riots to coming out parties. Pittsburgh is his home.



Picture Credits

PFC John Birch, pp. 25, 26, 27.
PFC Stanley deTreville, pp. 54, 57.
PFC Louis Lowery, pp. 30, 31, 32, 67.
PFC Robert Wilton, pp. 20, 21, 22, 23.
U. S. Marine Corps, pp. 33, 34, 44, 71-74.



Have a "Coke" = Kia Ora

(GOOD LUCK)



...or sealing friendships in New Zealand

Kia ora, says the New Zealander when he wants to give you his best wishes. It's a down-under way of telling you that you're a pal and that your welfare is a matter of mutual interest. The American soldier says it another way. *Have a "Coke"*, says he, and in three words he has made a friend. It's a custom that has followed the flag from the tropics to the polar regions. It's a phrase that says *Welcome*, neighbor from Auckland to Albuquerque, from

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In news stories, books and magazines, you read how much our fighting men cherish Coca-Cola whenever they get it. Yes, more than just a delicious and refreshing drink, "Coke" reminds them of happy times at home. Luckily, they find Coca-Cola —bottled on the spot—in over 35 allied and neutral countries 'round the globe.



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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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**THEY'VE
GOT
WHAT IT
TAKES!**

Young Lady with a Lens

... She's a Marine—and a camera sharpshooter of Marine Aviation whose aerial pictures are used in vital map-making. Her rank is Sergeant... Sgt. Florence _____ (full name omitted by regulation of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Her cigarette is Camel—the favorite with men in the Marine Corps, in *all* the services. "I like everything about Camels," says Sergeant Florence, "especially the freshness!" That's right, Sergeant Florence! Camels stay fresh, anywhere and everywhere, because they're packed to go round the world



CAMERA GUNNER! Sergeant Florence (*shown at the left*) aims her special aerial camera at the terrain far below—and when the film is developed in the Marine Corps Photo Laboratory...

FEW SECRETS ARE HIDDEN from the penetrating eye of Sergeant Florence's camera! In the Photo Lab (*below*), over a smooth, full-flavored Camel, Sergeant Florence, right, and a technician study her "shots." Under the stereoscope, ground camouflage is clearly revealed!



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